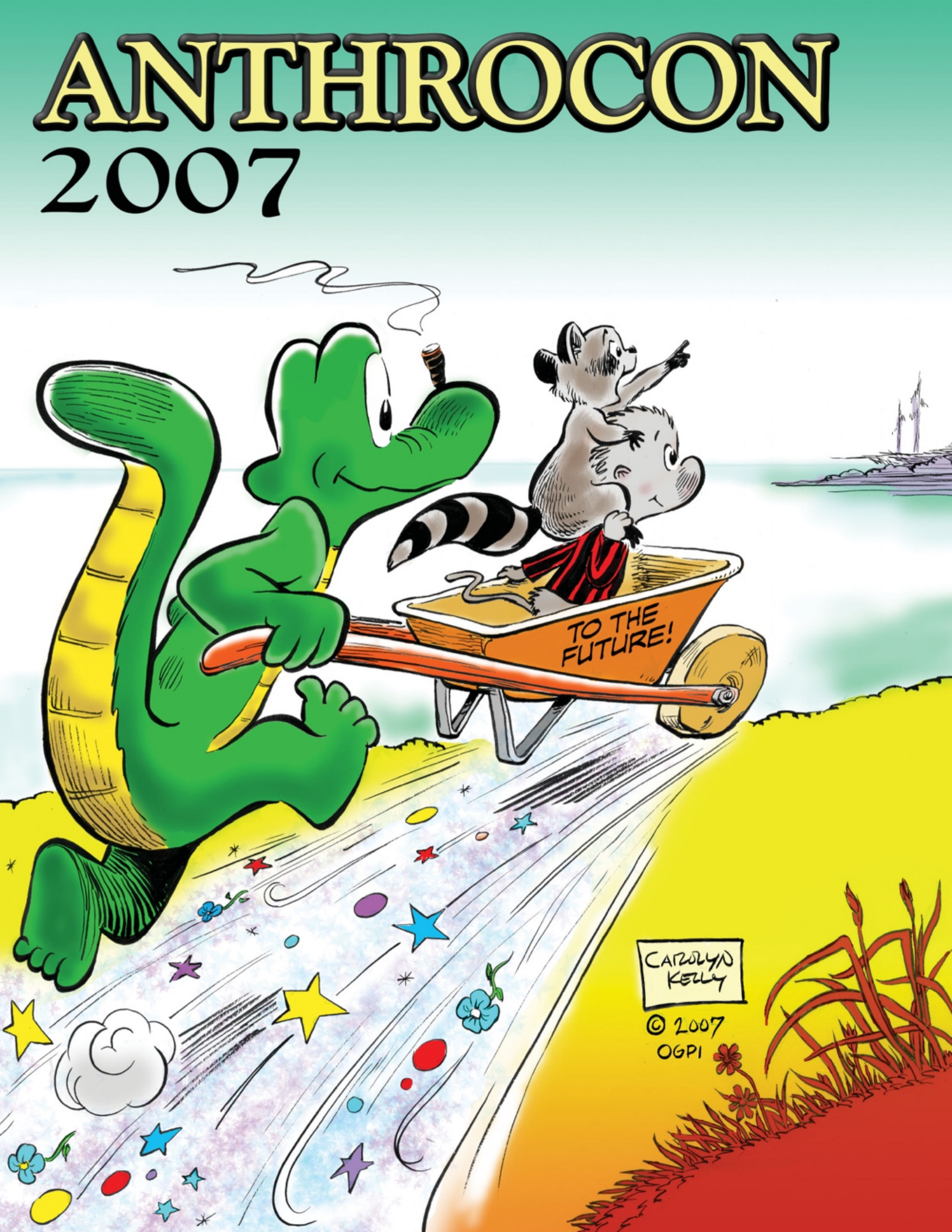
ANTHROCON 2007



The Pogo Fan Club
(aka The Walt Kelly Society)

joins in welcoming GOH Carolyn Kelly

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Be sure to stop by and see us in the Dealer's Room, where you'll find a large selection of books, comics, original art and other material about one of the longest-running anthro comics, Pogo Possum. Whether you're a long-time fan, just discovering Pogo, casual reader, completist collector, or somewhere in between, you'll find something of interest.

Check out recent issues of our 48-page magazine, *The Fort Mudge Most,* filled with scarce and hard-to-find artwork, collectibles both old and new, bits of Walt Kelly history, analyses and reprints of strips and comic book stories. Subscriptions are $25 for six quarterly issues, and all back issues are kept in print. New subscribers at Anthrocon will receive a free copy of the limited-edition art print "Walt Kelly and Some Swamp Friends" (a $20 value!) with artwork by Walt Kelly and color by Selby Daley Kelly.

You can also find us at http://www.pogo-fan-club.org and

Spring Hollow Books, 6908 Wentworth, Richfield MN 55423

We welcome questions and wantlists!

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All artwork by Walt Kelly

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Cover illustration by Carolyn Kelly. Color by Mark Evanier, who is a much better artist than most people know.

Message from the Chairman

Dr. Samuel Conway, Ph.D

Welcome once again to the largest anthropomorphics convention in the world! As Anthrocon begins its second decade of operation, I can't help but look back upon the long road that has brought us from our humble beginnings in Albany to one of the Steel City's largest summertime events. We have made history, celebrated inventions, saluted our heroes and taken flight. We have made many new friends along the way and have passed so many milestones that it is hard to keep count.

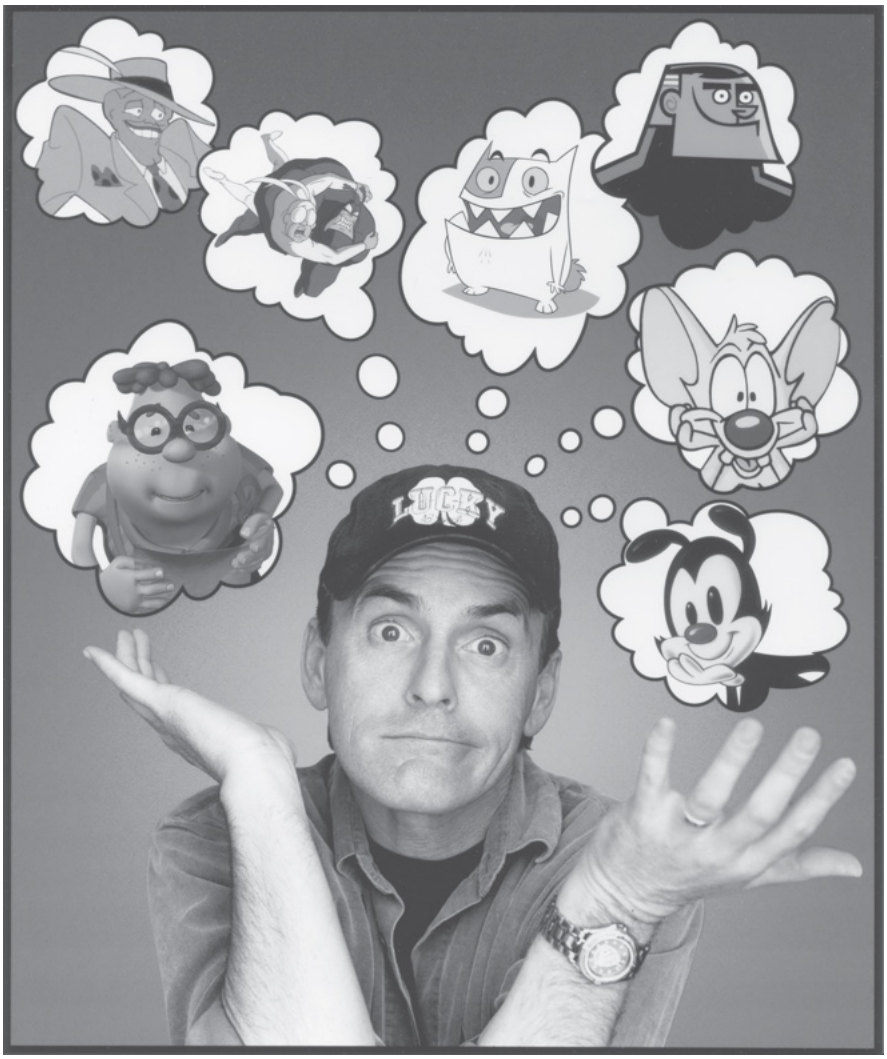
As long as is the road that we have walked, there's much more of it that stretches out even further ahead of us, and it is for that very reason that the Board of Directors decided that this was the year for "Looking to the Future." We all are eager to see just where this road will lead us—and by "us" I mean not only Anthrocon, but furry fandom itself. Hasn't our community seen some interesting times! In just a few short years we have grown from a few scattered and isolated groups of artists to a major presence in the artistic world. Now, as Anthrocon reaches toward the 3,000 member mark and other conventions are straining the walls of their venues outward, we find ourselves facing a future that is brighter than we ever would have dreamed ten years ago. We've weathered every storm that has struck, and though there will no doubt be more squalls ahead of us, I believe we have what it takes to face them headlong.

This year, Anthrocon continues its tradition of introducing to the fandom some of the finest creative talent behind the anthropomorphic characters we have admired for years. We are very proud to welcome Mr. Mark Evanier, whose creative genius has been behind more of our favorite comic book stories than we can count. We are also very happy to be joined by Ms. Carolyn Kelly, who carried on with the characters that were created by her late father, Walt. Characters that are perhaps the most classic examples of anthropomorphics: Pogo Possum and his friends from the Okefenokee Swamp.

Of course, whereas pen and ink create a character, that character sometimes cannot truly be brought to life until he has found his voice. Anthrocon 2007 is very pleased to welcome a man whose considerable voice talents have given new depth to some of the most beloved cartoon animals in recent memory: Emmy-winning artist Mr. Rob Paulsen, whose voice can be heard in *Animaniacs*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Sonic the Hedgehog*, and many other well-known "furry" shows.

As always, I offer a very grateful round of applause to the hard-working staff and volunteers of Anthrocon. They are the reason that our organization runs as smoothly as it does and has grown as large as it has. No chairman could ever hope for a finer crew, a group that has proven time and again that they are capable of handling any situation that our convention might encounter. They are the future of Anthrocon, and I rest easy knowing that the future lies in very capable hands.

Guest of Honor: Rob Paulsen



The goal of bringing absolute believability to a fictional character, live-action or animated, is what every actor strives for. Those committed to their career that combine experience, passion and skill are likely to succeed. Those gifted with exceptional talent who focus on maximizing their potential by finding their own niche quickly break apart from the pack. After years of honing their craft and consistently delivering memorable performances in which the character impacts an indelible image on the viewer, the public and the industry take notice, singling out the best.

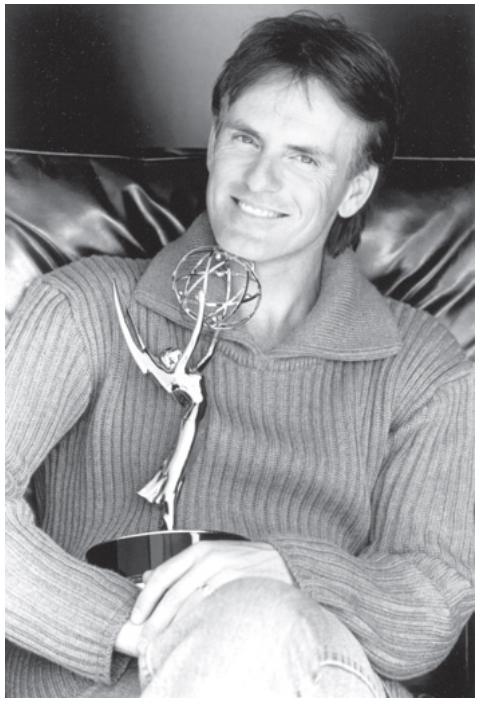
"I'm getting paid to do what I got in trouble for in the seventh grade," jests **Rob Paulsen**, who is one of the most popular voices in animation and won a Daytime Emmy in 1999 as "Outstanding Performer in an Animated Program" for WB's *Pinky and the Brain*. Though nominated twice previously, the victory was especially sweet due to the most formidable competition ever — fellow nominees Louis Anderson, Ernest Borgnine, Dom DeLuise and Jeffrey Tambor. In addition to his Emmy, Rob won back-to-back Annie Awards in 1997 and 1998. "I absolutely love what I do and thank my lucky stars for twenty-five years of full time employment in this business," he admits.

Originally from Detroit, Michigan, Rob "loved cartoons as a kid" and aspired to be a professional hockey player. Ironically, acting was something to "fall back on" and Rob has voiced numerous characters in cartoons. But he is best known as the voice of the boisterous and energetic laboratory mouse Pinky on the hit series *Pinky and the Brain* and *Pinky, Elmyra & the Brain*.

"It's a treat to portray a complex character," Rob explains about Pinky, a gangling mouse with funny teeth, a head filled with clouds and an inane imagination that is punctuated with a staccato laugh. "Besides... where else could I find a job where emotional outbursts and odd exclamations like 'Egad!', 'Narf!', 'Poit!', 'Sploink!' and 'Zort!' are allowed?"

With over 2,000 half-hours of animation to his credit, Rob's versatility shines in his starring role as the voice of Yakko on the Peabody and the two-time Emmy award-

winning series *Steven Spielberg Presents Animaniacs*. He can be heard as Coconut Fred on the WB's *Coconut Fred's Fruit Salad Island!*, 625 in Disney's *Lilo and Stitch* the series, Gordon in Nickelodeon's *Catscratch*, Rev Runner on WB's *Loonatics Unleashed*, Jack Fenton in *Danny Phantom*, Throttle in *Biker Mice from Mars*, Spike in *The Land Before Time*, Beetle in *The Ant Bully,* and various characters in Nickelodeon's *Fairly Oddparents*. In upcoming productions, he'll lend his voice to Prince Eric in *The Little Mermaid III*, Peck in *Back at the Barnyard,* and El Gato in *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto*.



Paulsen's extensive credits include on-camera roles in numerous motion pictures including *Body Double*, *Stewardess School*, *Eyes of Fire*, *The Perfect Match* and *Warlock*. His television acting credits include guest-starring roles on *MacGyver* and *St. Elsewhere*. Additionally, he is one of the most sought-after voice actors in the commercial arena, performing in countless productions.

Realizing how fortunate he is and passionate about giving back, Rob supports various charitable organizations, particularly those benefiting children and cancer research. Rob's volunteer work with GOALmodels is particularly rewarding. GOALmodels, a high school program in Reseda, California, is designed to inspire ninth graders to set goals and overcome obstacles in life. Blending his life experiences with passion for his work, his presentations are informative, entertaining and inspiring.

In his leisure time, Rob enjoys golf, ice hockey, and riding his motorcycle. He spends the majority of his free time with his wife Parrish, son Ash, and two Yorkshire terriers, Pooshie and Tala.

Guest of Honor: Carolyn Kelly

Carolyn Kelly was born in Darien, Connecticut, which at that time was a quiet woodsy little town populated by a nearly equal number of humans and small wildlife. She grew up there with her brother and sister and a happy-go-lucky dog who ate raspberries right off the bushes. She's a daughter of Helen and Walt Kelly, the latter being the legendary cartoonist who created the acclaimed *Pogo* newspaper comic strip. (Before doing that, he had worked at the Walt Disney Studio in California on classic features including *Pinocchio* and Dumbo, and drew Dell comic books for Western Publishing, including *Donald Duck, Our Gang* and the initial appearances of Pogo and his friends in *Animal Comics.*)

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Having Walt as her first teacher inspired Carolyn to become an artist. As a child

she was always drawing, painting, sculpting, making costumes, ceramics and cartoon books – often at the expense of regular schoolwork. She attended both Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and The School of Visual Arts in Manhattan, studying a wide range of techniques that have served her well in her diverse career.

Because she was able to go to art school in New York, Carolyn was introduced to a vast and fascinating new universe where she was richly surrounded by fellow creative people – artists, writers, actors, dancers, musicians. This universe became home. Although she entertained the romantic notion of a life as a fine artist, this proved to be impractical, and so ensued many exciting and enjoyable years of working as an artist in a great variety of fields, continually finding new areas to experience.

Carolyn has been an advertising illustrator, a cartoonist, a book illustrator, a mural painter, sign painter, toy designer, greeting card artist, textile designer, worked in typesetting shops, worked on magazines and on newspapers, in silkscreen studios, and as a theatrical set designer. As a book designer, she designed and oversaw the production of deluxe leatherbound editions for nearly a decade. She's also worked in animation as a layout and storyboard artist on a number of shows including *The Secret Files of The Spy Dogs*, and *Channel Umtee-3* — which starred the voice of Anthrocon Guest of Honor Rob Paulsen, with writing by Anthrocon Guest of Honor Mark Evanier. She's also drawn an occasional story for the *Bart Simpson* comic book, published by Bongo.

In the early 90's, years after her father's death, Carolyn cleared out her mother's big old house in Connecticut where she found boxes and trunks filled with old letters, drawings and poetry done by Walt Kelly as a young man. Although she'd always been close to and inspired by her Dad, these letters revealed a new exciting view of him: as a young creative genius – full of ideas and sparkling life, just at the beginning of his career. She was tremendously moved by this, and decided to take her life in a new direction, to see what she could do as an artist and as his daughter, to maintain the legacy of one of the 20th century's finest

cartoonists, and to create as an artist within the realms Walt Kelly had invented.

In 1992, she and her brother Pete took over the production of their father's comic strip for a couple of years, with Pete writing *Pogo* and Carolyn drawing it. Drawing *Pogo* was something she'd never attempted before this, out of respect for her famous Dad – *Pogo* was his territory – but when the opportunity arose, she took it on. Many onlookers felt her work captured the true spirit of her father's creations.

Currently, Carolyn owns Kelly Studios, through which she does art-related projects of her own. She is also instrumental in running the family-owned *Pogo* business, supervising appearances of Pogo Possum, Churchy LaFemme, Howland Owl, Albert Alligator and the other swampland denizens of the *Pogo* comic strips. The main current *Pogo* project is a forthcoming series of volumes from Fantagraphics Books which will bring all of Walt Kelly's classic strips back into print for an eager audience.

She and her best friend Mark Evanier are planning a collaboration on stories of a group of small furry characters they have evolved together.

Guest of Honor: Mark Evanier

Mark Evanier likes to say he made the long, hard struggle to Hollywood all the way from West Los Angeles. He's been reading comic books almost since birth and writing them since 1969 when he began working for Disney and also apprenticed with the legendary Jack Kirby.

Mark's comic book credits include his own co-creations, *The DNAgents, Crossfire, Boogeyman, Hollywood Superstars* and *The Mighty Magnor,* along with collaborating since 1983 with cartoonist Sergio Aragonés on *Groo the Wanderer*, for which he has won a couple of the industry's coveted Eisner Awards. (He won a couple more for other projects.) Mark has also worked on pre-existing characters including Superman, Blackhawk, The New Gods, Tarzan, Mickey Mouse, Super Goof, Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Tweety & Sylvester, Pink Panther, Woody Woodpecker, The Flintstones, Scooby-Doo, Yogi Bear, Porky Pig and dozens of others. Some of this work was done with past Anthrocon guest Scott Shaw!

Mark began writing live-action TV in 1976 and animation in 1978. In the former area, he has written for *Welcome Back, Kotter, Love Boat, Cheers, Bob, That's Incredible, Pryor's Place,* and dozens of variety shows and specials, some of which he also produced. In animation, he wrote or co-wrote (and sometimes voice-directed and co-produced) 121 half-hours of *Garfield and Friends* for CBS, and also worked on *Mother Goose and Grimm, CBS Storybreak, Dungeons and Dragons,*

© Sergio Aragones

ABC Weekend Special, Scooby Doo, Thundarr the Barbarian, Plastic Man, The Wuzzles, Richie Rich, Yogi Bear, Channel Umptee-3 and many more. He is currently writing and story-editing a new series of Garfield cartoons which will debut at an as-yet undetermined date.

He writes books, too. He's the author of *Mad Art*, a recently-released history of *Mad Magazine*, and has three collections of his columns on comic books — *Comic Books and Other Necessities of Life*, *Wertham Was Right!* and *Superheroes in My Pants*, all from TwoMorrows Publishing. Later this year, Harry N. Abrams Publishing will release his newest book, *Kirby, King of Comics*, an illustrated biography of the man some call the greatest comic book creator of all time, Jack Kirby. He is also consulting with and helping his best friend in the whole world, Carolyn Kelly, with various Pogo-related projects.

Evanier has received three Emmy nominations (no wins) and some sort of trophy that looks like a gynecologist's stirrup from the Writers Guild of America for lifetime achievement in animation writing. Mark lives in Los Angeles in a big house with more comic books than you can ever imagine.

Anthrocon 2007 Masquerade Info

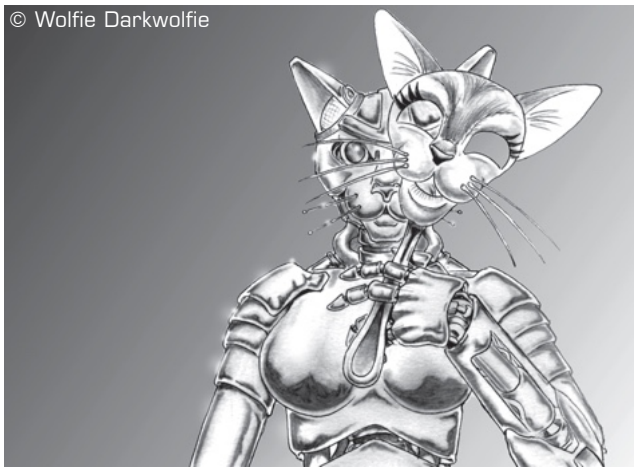
Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a *real* furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade! This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills.

The Masquerade will be held in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all Masquerade participants, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/ program for exact times.

There will be a Fursuit Lounge available during the convention (please consult your convention map) where costumers may escape from the crowds to rest and recuperate in a private area. This room will be available throughout the convention.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning. If you have any other questions, please contact Mr. Harris as well.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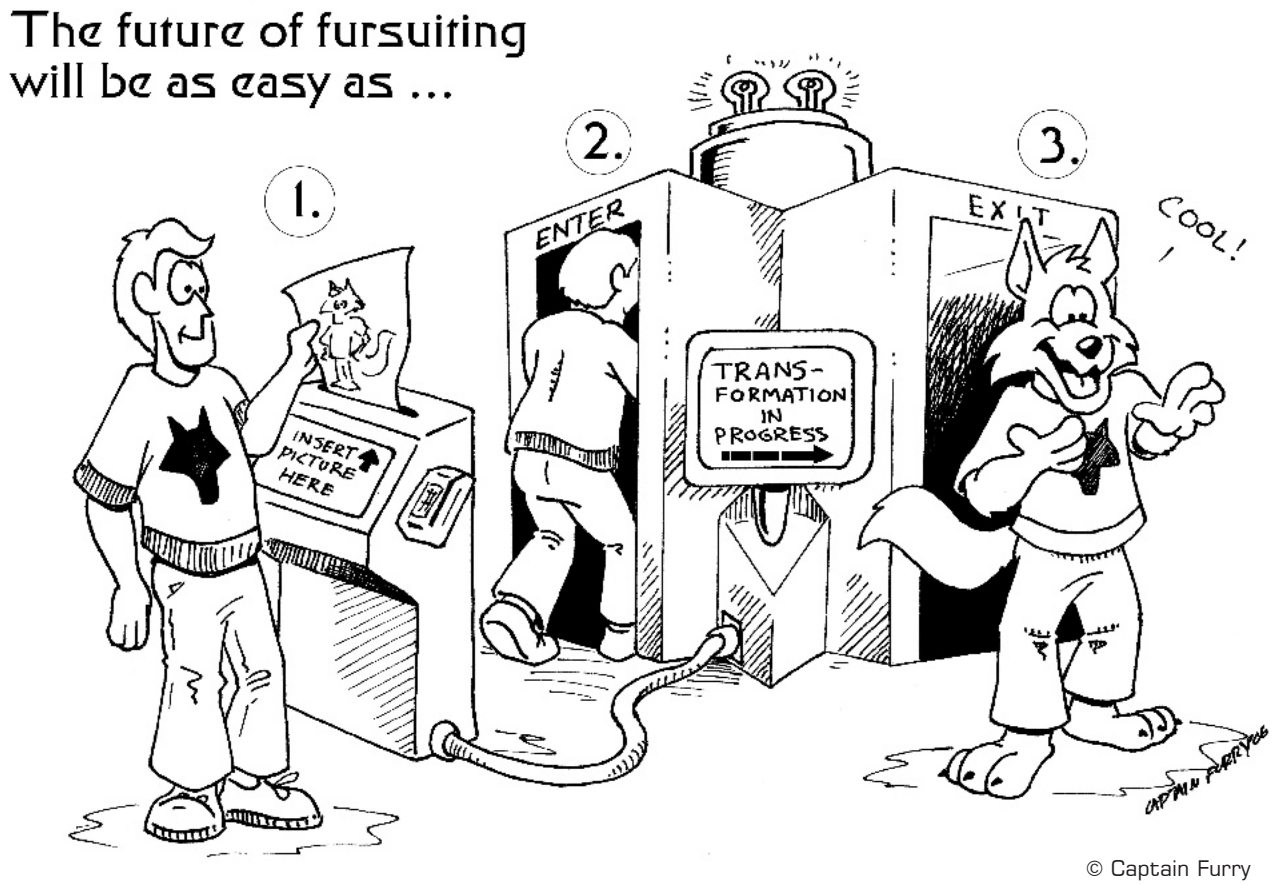


© Captain Furry

Anthrocon 2007 Charity Auction

Animal Friends

The genre of anthropomorphics is a field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed with humans of varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook the real-life counterparts of this mix and assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support **Animal Friends**, a no-kill rescue and shelter outside of Pittsburgh, PA.

From creative kenneling for homeless animals to our unique outreach programs, Animal Friends is changing the way an animal shelter can enhance our region. We're proud to place over 2,500 dogs, cats, and rabbits into loving homes each year, as well as serve tens of thousands of people through our pet-focused therapeutic and educational programs.

At Animal Friends, we are redefining the way an animal shelter can serve our community.

Pets as Family

- ***Adoption Services*** – matching homeless pets with new, loving homes
- ***Obedience Classes*** – offering skills and training to ensure positive and lasting pet-owner relationships
- ***Recreational Activities*** – hosting movie nights, canine coffee klatches, birthday parties, and other opportunities to enjoy the company of your pet

Pets as Teachers

- ***Humane Education*** – taking animals into the classroom to teach children about empathy, compassion, and responsible treatment of all creatures
- ***Reading With Rover*** – bringing "canine reading specialists" to school to help struggling young students learn to read
- ***Classes and Lectures*** – for animal lovers of all ages

Pets as Healers

- ***Pet-Assisted Therapy*** – sharing the joy of human-animal interaction with the elderly, ill or simply lonely
- ***Golden Age Retrievers*** – matching mature pets with senior citizens for happy, healthy results
- ***Therapeutic Activities*** – Heart Healthy Walking Club, pet memorial services and more

And so much more...

- ***Sheltering*** – offering compassionate care for homeless and abused pets
- ***Low-Cost Spay/Neuter*** – providing subsidized spay/neuter services to low income pet owners in an effort to reduce pet overpopulation
- ***Cruelty Investigations and Rescue*** – investigating and prosecuting cases of animal abuse and neglect in our region
- ***Volunteering*** – offering a myriad of opportunities to be involved in our work to make our region a better place to live!

Animal Friends is a non-profit organization that relies on community support.

Learn all about us at
www.ThinkingOutsideTheCage.com!

Looking to the Future

You can reach an Animal Friends' representative by phone at **(412) 847-7055**, email at **specialevents@animal-friends.org**, or visit their homepage at **www.animal-friends.org**.

Animal Friends' representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive the bidders' payments. Anthrocon staff does not handle Auction payments. Animal Friends' representatives will also be in the Dealers Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by auctioning items donated by artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us items without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity. This artwork, merchandise, and other original material is not available anywhere else at Anthrocon.

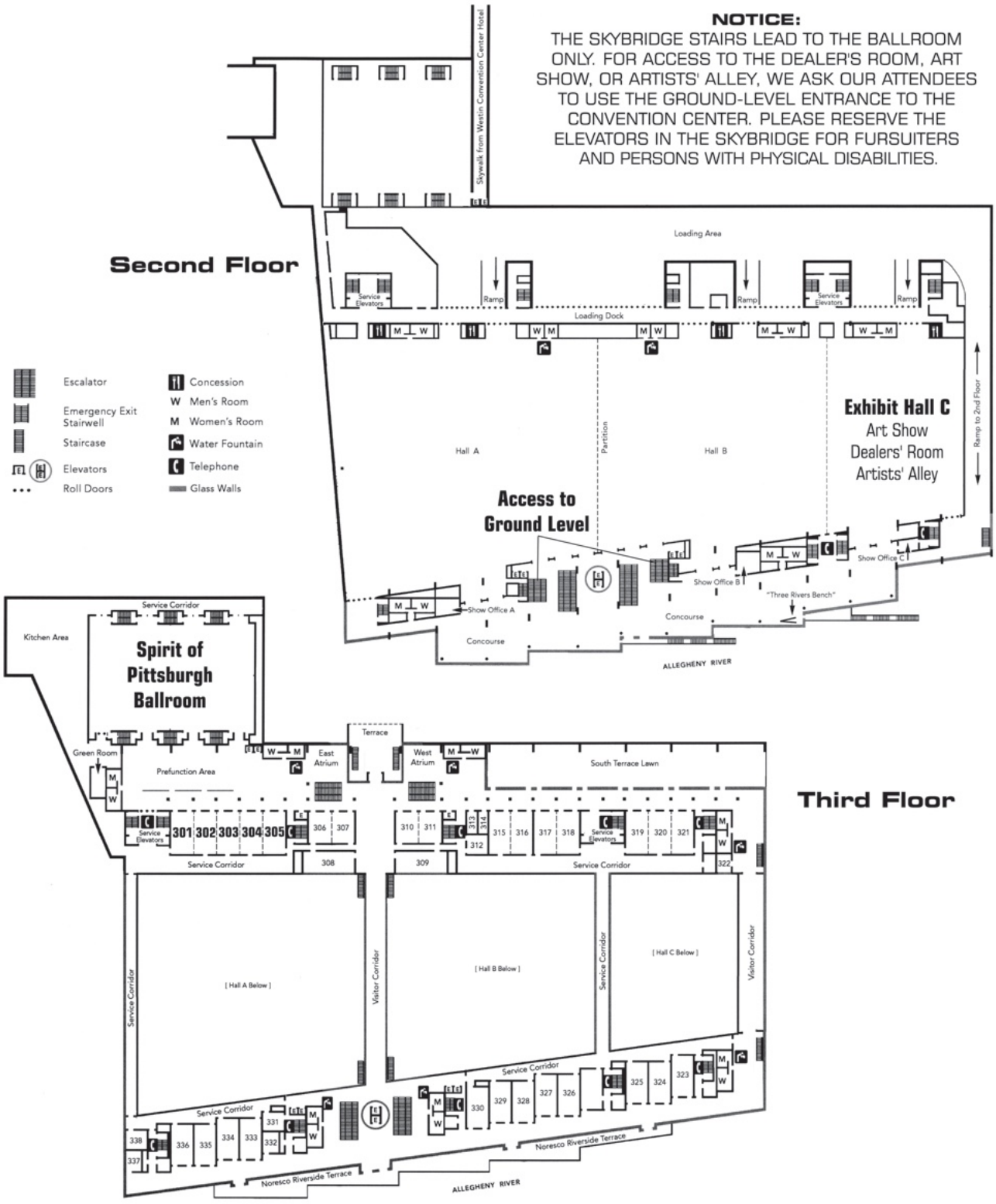
Last year, the Anthrocon Charity Auction raised over $5,800 (auction total; convention total: $8,400) for The Western Pennsylvania National Wild Animal Orphanage. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over $62,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, the National Greyhound Adoption Program, Reins of Life, Canine Partners for Life, Support Our Shelters, Forgotten Felines & Fidos, and Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue.

Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display at a designated location. The Charity Auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) and will run for approximately three hours. Donated items and services will be offered in the Charity Auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at Anthrocon.

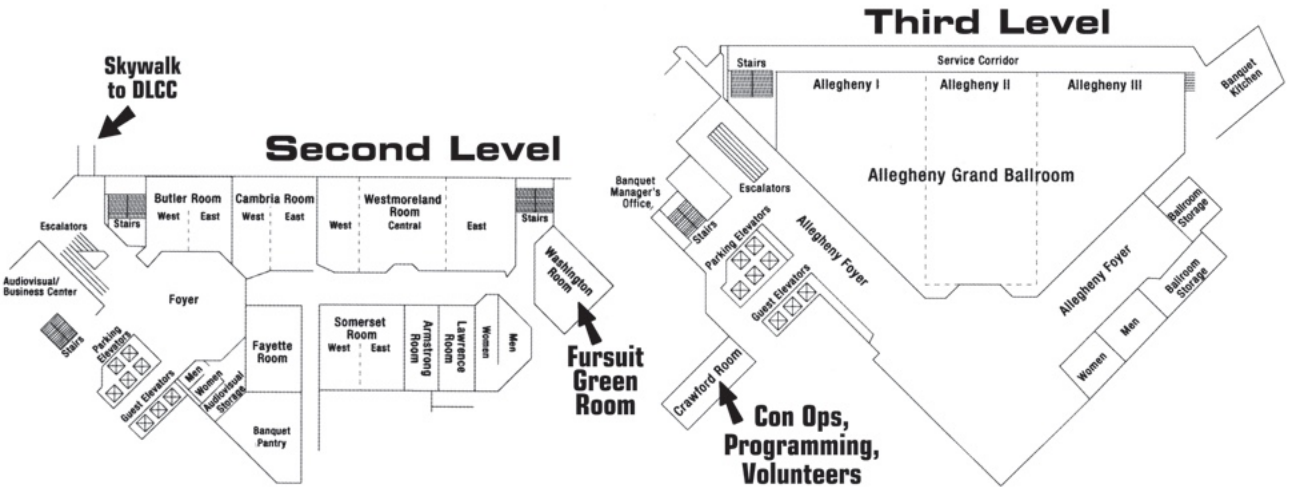
Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support Animal Friends by joining us for the Anthrocon 2007 Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.

Convention Center Floorplans



Westin Hotel Floorplans



Dealers' Room Hours

Thursday, July 5 .....3–9 setup only
Friday, July 6.....10–12 setup; 12–5, open
Saturday, July 7 ..... 10–5 open
Sunday, July 8 ..... 10–4 open; 4–6 tear down

Artists' Alley Hours

Friday, July 6..... 12–5; 5–6, artist checkout
Saturday, July 7 ... 10–5; 5–6, artist checkout
Sunday, July 8 ..... 10–4; 4–5, artist checkout

Art Show Hours

Friday, July 6

10am ..... Artist check-in begins
2–6pm..... Art Show open to bidders
9–11pm..... Artists & Dealers Reception (invitation/ribbon only)

Saturday, July 7:

10am–6pm.... Art Show open to bidders
6pm ..... Mature Gallery written bidding closes
11pm ..... Mature Gallery voice auction begins

Sunday, July 8:

10am–Noon... General Gallery open to bidders
Noon ..... General Gallery written bidding closes
1pm ..... General Gallery voice auction begins
2–6pm..... Sales, artist check-out
5pm–12am.... Teardown

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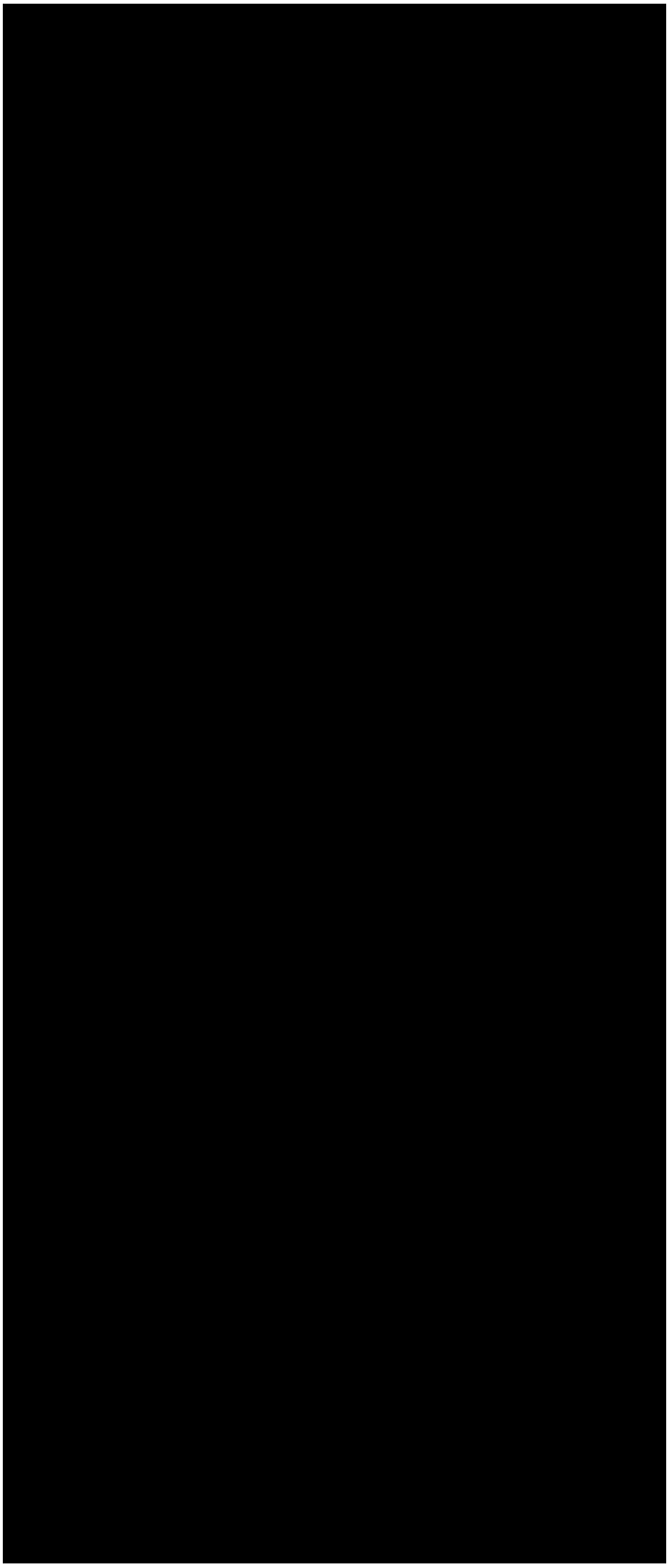
Dealers' Room Layout



The list below lists the dealers who are confirmed as of June 3, 2007. Table locations are denoted by a letter followed by a number. This represents the row (A through G) and the table number in that row (1 through 23). An A or B after the table number indicates that the dealer has a half-table.

DEALERSHIP	TABLE(S)
2 The Ranting Gryphon	A11B
Ahkhana	C03B
Alik's Cosplay	B18/B19
Alphafox Illustration	E17
Angry Viking Press	C09/C10
Animal Friends	A23B
Art by jillOr	C12B
Art By Susan Van Camp	C20/C21
Art of Ursula Vernon	E18
Aura D. Moser	B05
Autumn Sunrise Illustrations	C12A
Axer Industries	D08
Bad Mojo Ink/Phil Morrissey & Ursula Husted	F12
Balaa	D05
Beastly Bahamut	C07B
Blue Rabbit Artwork	C02
Bonksart.com	E12
BushyCat/(GrayElf Graphics)	G11/G12
Caribou Ink	G01
Carolyn Kelly/Mark Evanier	G20
Cassandra Rising Crafts	F18
Charles' Children's Books	C14B
Chen, Daremo-Long	E06B
Chris "Havoc" Sealy	C06B
Club Stripes	C15/C16
CobaltFox (art by Kit)	A15A
Code Name: Hunter	D06
Cottontail Studios	F11
D. Bruin Art and Prints	A16A
Dark Natasha	F01
Diana Harlan Stein	F03
Dragon Wings	B09
Dragondust Studios	E13
DreamKeepers	B06
Eric Schwartz Productions	E07
Eye-Level Entertainment	B10

DEALERSHIP	TABLE(S)
Fantasy Illustration by Little Paw	G05
Fate Laughing Illustration	G16/G17
Felitaur Enterprises	A07
Fennec – Yip!	F05B
Fossil The Undead Anthrosaur Artist	E03A
Frank Gembeck	F04
Frankenshoe	E01
Furnation Multimedia	B02/B03/B04
Furvey Survey	D16/D17
Gideon's Corral	B22
Goldenwolf Art	E14
GraphXpress	E08/E09
Griffin Park Studio	C05
Gunmouth Graphics	D09
Heather Bruton	G03
HollyAnn	E02
Honeck Sculpture	B16/B17
Horse Feather	A03B
JC Sales (Magpies)	A20/A21
Jen "Spunky" Seng	C06A
John "Roxikat" Barrett	F05A
Kacey Miyagami	A18
Kailani	A02
Kawaii Gifts	B20/B21
Kevin + Kell	G13A
Kina-Ink	A03A
Kitsumi	A09
K'sharraCat Studios	D22
Lady Foxglove	B12
Leopardwolf's Designs	F07
LightBright Studios	G04
Lizardbeth	D07
Louie Furrywolf	A04
M&T Comics and Cards	D03/D04
Marc Leonhardt	F10
Marci McAdam	G02
Mice Comics – Mary Minch	E00F
Minotaur Comics	B08
Mitsu's Scribbles!	A06A
Molten Glowstick Productions	A17
Moonstalker.net	C04
Naryu	C08
NightWing Galleries	B01
NorthFur FX & Mascots	D19/D20
Northwest Furry Trading Co. Ltd.	F19
Notonigon Studios (Maggock)	B07
Offworld Designs	I01
Onyxwolf	D21
Pawstar	D14/D15
Pogo Fan Club & Walt Kelly Society	G21
Positive Elegance Studios	C01
Puma Paw Graphics	A00B
Quaylak	C03A
Rabbit Valley and Fel	E19/E20/E21
Regal Pewter	F13/F14
Rivercoon Arts	C11
Rog Minotaur	D18
Sanguine Productions	F09
ScullyRaptor	E03B
Shanda Fantasy Arts	A01
Shawntae Howard	C19
Silver Sky Studio	C13
Skulldog Studio	C14A
Sleepy Cheetah Studios	D10
Sofawolf Press	F20/F21
Solid Asp	C07A
Soro	A16B
Spazfox	F17
Steve Martin	D01/D02
Studio Cute by Ponygirl	C17
Studio Maki Productions	I02
Synnabar Graphics	D11
Tamen	A11A
Teeth By Dnash	F06
TentacleFriendly	B11
Tenth Planet Art	E04B
The Chakat's Den	A19
The Dragon's Lair	I03
The Gneech/Merchandise Maven	G14/G15
The Laughing Dragon: Art by Blackmane	A15B
Tiger Torre Art	G22
Tiki Man Graphics	B14
TJA Productions	E10/E11
TotalXpansion.com	C00D
Twilight316	G18/G19
Tyr/Symphonies in Fur Minor	A12/A13
Umgotts Studios – OMGWTF! Furries	A06B
Vince Suzukawa	G13B
Western PA National Wild Animal Orphanage	D12/D13
WikiFur	B13
Windwolf Studio	E15/E16
Wolfie's Pack Productions	E05
Wyrmkeep Entertainment	B15
XianJaguar	F02
Yiffer's Dome	A10A
Zdenek Multimedia	G06/G07
Zhivago Daemon	G08

Studio Maki Productions

Come visit Studio Maki near the back of the Dealer's Den for a wide selection of furry items. Stop by and see our collection of comics and fanzines from past to present, spanning 20 years of furry art. We also have prints and more by some of your favorite artists.

This year we have artist P_Moss with us!
Also pick up some exclusive RatCandy prints!

Visit us on the web at **www.studio-maki.com**

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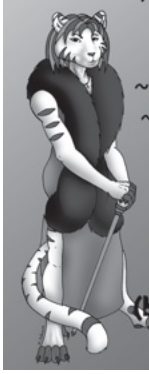
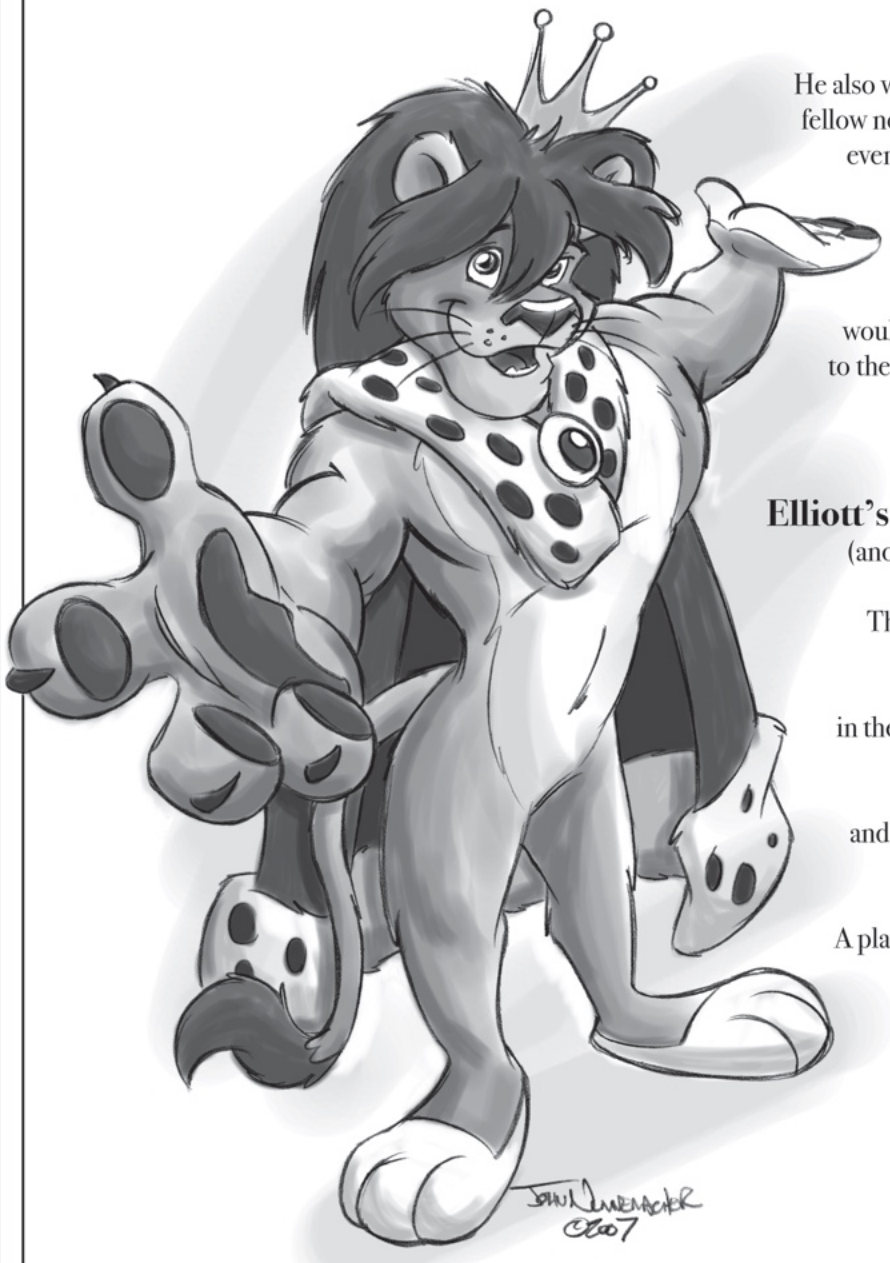
~Oh... and did i mention CUTE ART?



positive elegance studios
Table C1
(back of the convention center... listen for the paw music)

His Royal Highness[1] *Elliott Ingonyama I*
wishes to extend his congratulations
to the staff and attendees of **AnthroCon**
on the occasion of their **11th Annual Convention**.



He also wishes to thank all those of his fellow nobles who attended his recent event: Elliott's Spring Gathering.

Finally,
His Royal Highness
would like to extend an invitation
to them, and to all his fellow nobles
attending AnthroCon,
to his third event:

Elliott's Summer Celebration
(another of Elliott's Live Events).

This event, like those before it,
is free and open to all.
It will be held in August,
in the Orlando Metropolitan Area.

A full meal will be served
and many forms of entertainment
will be provided.
Fursuits are optional.
A place to change will be available.

For details,
please visit his web site:
ELE.furryhost.com

Pictures of past events
are available on his website.[2]

Tentative date: 18 August 2007

[1] The wording of this invitation, like the event it represents, is in the spirit of fun.
[2] For privacy reasons, these pictures are only available to registered users of his site. Registration is free.

RainFurrest 2007

August 24-26

Holiday Inn - SeaTac, WA

There's a commotion happening this end of the forest, so don your tribal masks, gather your drums, and join in for the first year of RainFurrest, south of Seattle in SeaTac! Get ready to party with your furry pals and rock this side of the woodlands!

Meet the Guests of Honor!
- Artist: Monika Livingstone
- Musical: Alexander James Adams Faerie Tale Minstrel
- Writer: Phil Geusz
- Fan: Stalking Cat

Scrounge the forest floor in our Dealers Den - you never know what you'll find!

Gaze upon the wide variety of masterpieces in the art show!

Shake the trees to our vibrant dances!

Relax and unwind in our gaming and video rooms!

Learn more and register now at: **http://www.rainfurrest.com**

Western PA Fall Furry Weekend

Fan & Furry Fellowship in the Allegheny Valley

October 5 - 7, 2007

www.wpafw.org

Pre-Registration
NOW OPEN

$20 Basic Registration
until September 7, 2007

MIDWEST FURFEST

November 16-18, 2007

Hyatt Regency Woodfield, Schaumburg, Illinois

Critters on the High Seas

With Special Guests

Cara Mitten

Jillor

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Regular Membership $30
($40 after September 30th)

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includes meal with Guests of Honor, T-shirt, commemorative pin, plus more!

Rooms at the Hyatt are just $92 a night (up to four people) Give a call to 847-605-1234 to reserve today! Just ask for the Midwest FurFest room rate.

You can now reserve your room online!
Go to www.furfest.org for more information

Sail on over to www.furfest.org for more information

Are you ready for the
Ursa Major Awards

Recognizing the best in the anthropomorphic arts and literature since 2000

The Ursa Major Awards are presented annually for excellence in the furry arts. The recipients are nominated by the fans, and the winners are chosen by the fans!

The winners for movie, series, novel, story, comic book, comic strip, 'zine, other literary work, and game were announced earlier at Califur 3. For a complete list of winners, go to: www.ursamajorawards.org.

Next year's award presentation will be at Morphicon 2008!

Nominations begin January 24, 2008.

Seen something this year you think might be a candidate for the next awards? Then recommend them!

The annual Recommended Furry Reading List is open for all Furry fans to recommend the best anthropomorphic movies, TV series, novels, artwork, games, et cetera published during 2007. The list helps other fans find gems they might otherwise miss. The list can also be a guide to help fans nominate candidates for the next awards. Please send your recommendations through the end of 2007 to recommended@ursamajorawards.org

The Ursa Major Awards are presented by the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association (ALAA), a membership organization dedicated to promoting anthropomorphic literature and arts through such projects as the Recommended Furry Reading List and the Ursa Major Award. Discussions are currently taking place to improve their effectiveness and expand their presence throughout Furry fandom. All suggestions are invited. See the Ursa Major web site for more information.

www.ursamajorawards.org

FURTHER CONFUSION 2008

THE FUR EAST

January 24 - 28, 2008

San Jose DoubleTree
San Jose, CA

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All the Best in Anthropomorphics

Further Confusion is one of the largest international conventions celebrating anthropomorphics in all its guises. With an attendance of over 2,000 and growing, it is one of the premiere events of its kind. Further Confusion includes charitable benefits, educational seminars, art shows, panels and general social activities.

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Where: San Jose DoubleTree Hotel
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ask for the FUR CON room rate.

Registration Rates (before Sept. 1st)
Entire con (Thursday-Monday): $40
Sponsor Membership: $100 or above
Patron Membership: $200 or above

e-mail: info@furtherconfusion.org
web: www.furtherconfusion.org

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FWA

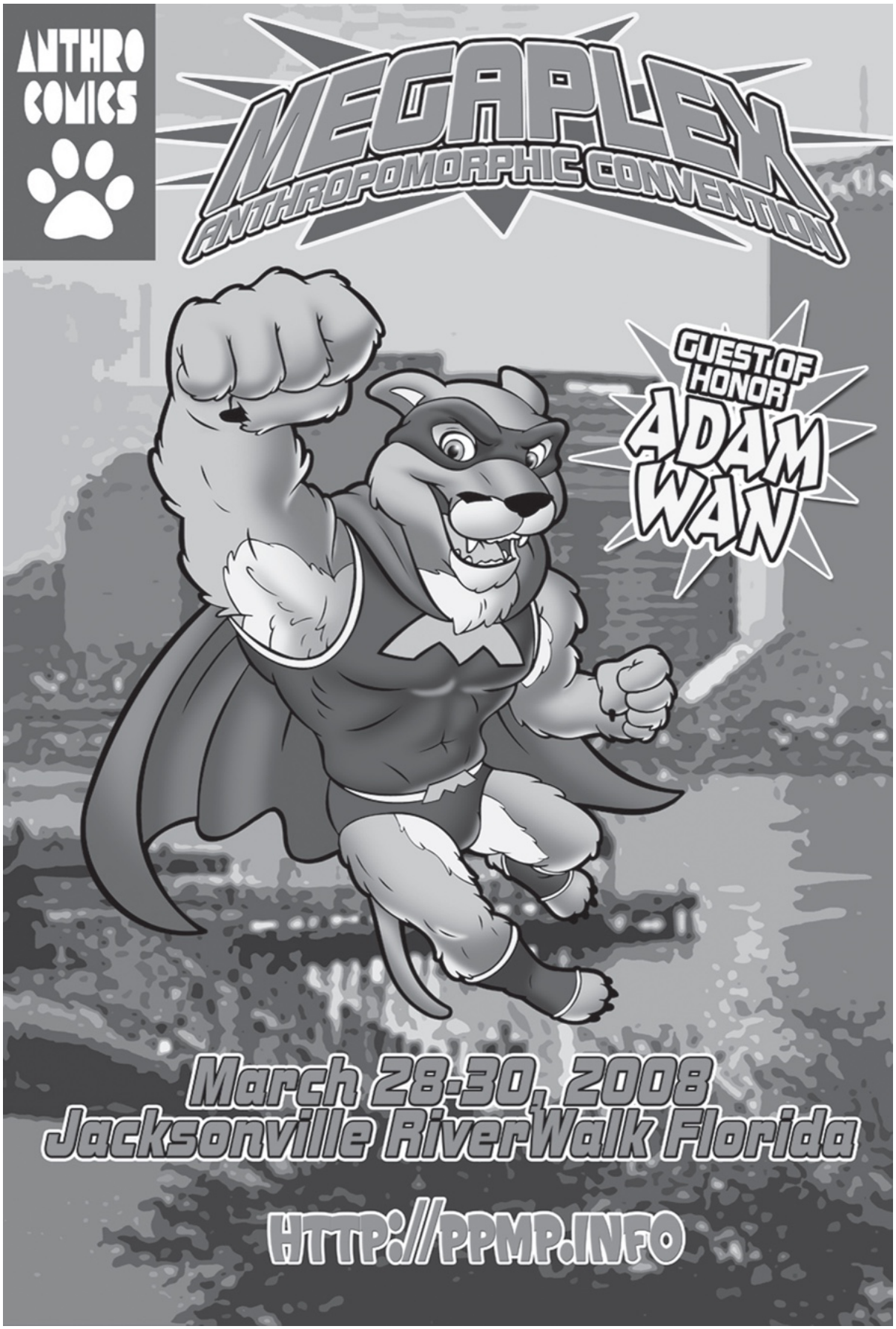
Furry Weekend Atlanta '08

February 15th-17th, 2008
Sheraton Gateway Hotel
Atlanta, Georgia, USA

We hope you'll join us in Atlanta for a dose of legendary Southern hospitality and a fantastic Furry Weekend!

2008

http://www.furryweekend.org


ANTHRO COMICS
MEGAPLEX
ANTHROPOMORPHIC CONVENTION
GUEST OF HONOR
ADAM WAN
March 28-30, 2008
Jacksonville RiverWalk Florida
HTTP://PPMP.INFO

ANTHROCON
2007
"Looking to the Future"
Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom
Thursday 7.5.7
Retro - Alphawolf 23:00
Trance - Tails 01:00
Friday 7.6.7
Industrial - Ironheart 22:00
Trance / House - Draconum 23:00
Breaks / DnB - Tek-Fox 00:00
Hardcore - Genki 01:00
Saturday 7.7.7
Fursuit Friendly - Rory 23:00
Trance / House - Rigel 00:00

SAKAI
2006
USAGI ARRIVES AT ANTHROCON IN PITTSBURGH -- FOUR HUNDRED YEARS TOO EARLY!

© Stan Sakai

The Inheritors of the Earth

Sapphire (the Egyptian Kitty of Grace and Beauty)

"What's at-stink-tung, Dad?"

"Well, Rick, extinction is when there are no more of a particular animal left on the planet," Cameron responded to his inquisitive son. In order to spend some quality time together, Cameron had decided to take his son to the Museum of Natural History. They had just entered the "Atrium of Extinction," according to the large sign above the door.

Cameron smiled as he saw the wonderment on his son's face which peered up at a gigantic skeleton. While the small forearms made the creature seem comical, the open mouth showing off the large razor-sharp teeth told how truly fearsome this monster must have been.

"Wow!" Rick whispered. "He's huge. How could something so big be ek . . . ekst . . ." Spittle sprayed all over his little mouth.

Cameron stifled his amusement as his son struggled with the new word. "How could it go extinct? According to the description here, a meteor rock struck the planet and wiped them all out."

"That must have been one big meteor!" Rick exclaimed, baffled.

Another exhibit grasped the young one's attention: a taxidermal creation poised on an artificial tree limb of wire, plaster, and paint. The animal had mostly white fur except for the black patches on its ears and legs, and around its eyes.

"What happened to this one, Dad?"

"There's a plaque here," Cameron adjusted his stance so that he could read the exhibit's description. "Let's see . . . They used to live in Asia, and according to what's written here, deforestation killed them all."

Cameron clenched his perplexed little face. "What's that?"

"Do you see what the animal is perched on? That's a tree. When they were torn down, the creature had no more home and no more food," the father explained.

"So, does that mean the trees are a-stinked, too?"

"That's right, son," Cameron proudly beamed at how his son made such an intelligent connection.

The next exhibit caught Cameron's eye. "Oh, this one is your mother's favorite."

The shell of what used to be an animal had a bluish-gray, sleek, elongated body with one fin on its back, two others stretching out from either side of its body, and the back end terminating in one final fin. The mouth narrowly protruded away from the head, which sported an aperture on the top.

"The oceans once contained thousands of these creatures. They loved to play and jump, twirling above the water!" Cameron recalled how gracefully his wife moved.

"My teacher at school said that the planet's temp'at'cher rose, melted all the ice and flooded the oceans. Wouldn't that be a good thing for those animals?" Rick waited for his father to explain this incongruity to his little mind.

Cameron smiled at his son's astuteness. "One would think so, but the ocean waters were already too dirty by then. The food that these creatures ate couldn't survive in the filthy water, so it didn't matter how much water there was."

Rick contemplated the two taxidermy-sculptures. "I guess it's a good thing that we eat practically anything. Right, Dad?"

"Don't you worry, little one. We won't go the way of the creatures in this room," he reassured him.

The largest exhibit in the room was also the last on the tour of this gallery of the museum. Rick ran up to the sign labeling the exhibit.

"What's this one say?"

Cameron caught up with his scurrying son. "It reads: 'Homo Sapiens: the only species on the Earth to cause their own extinction.'" One of the displays for this exhibit piqued Cameron's interest. "Oh my, I haven't seen one of those in years!" It was a bulky item of apparel that the creatures on display used to wear. The headpiece featured a mask that

covered the entire head and a tube that extended to a box strapped to the back of the suit. "Homo Sapiens wore those to protect themselves. You see, son, some of the machines they built gave off harmful energy. The energy was so strong that it would last for many, many years after the machine stopped working." Cameron continued his gaze fixed on the object. "Grandpa used to collect fragments of these, but I never saw one that was intact before."

At that moment, an announcement came over the loud speakers: "The museum is now closed for the day. Please proceed to the exit. We thank you for your visit."

Suddenly, all of the lights in the museum illuminated.

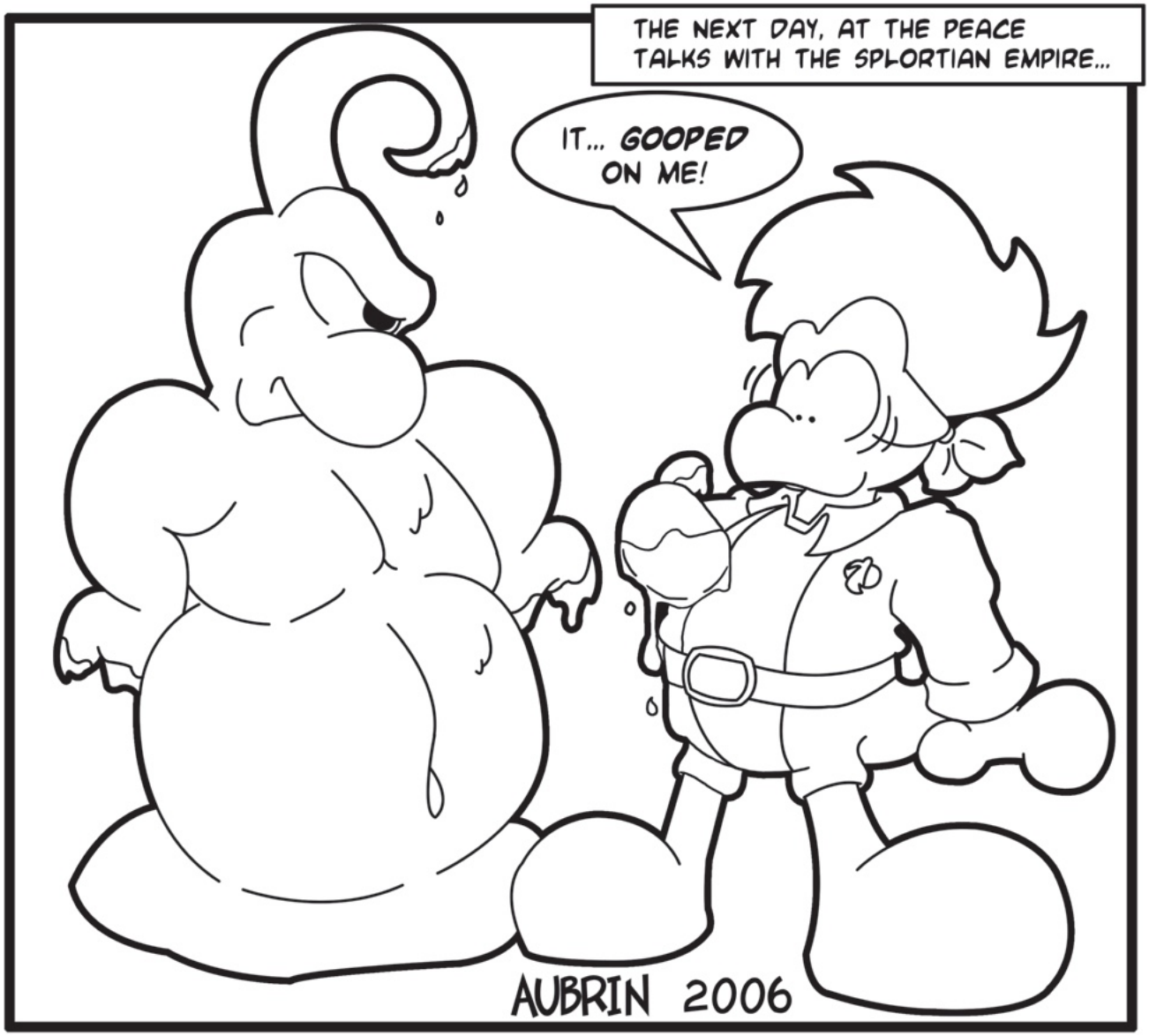
"Time to go, son."

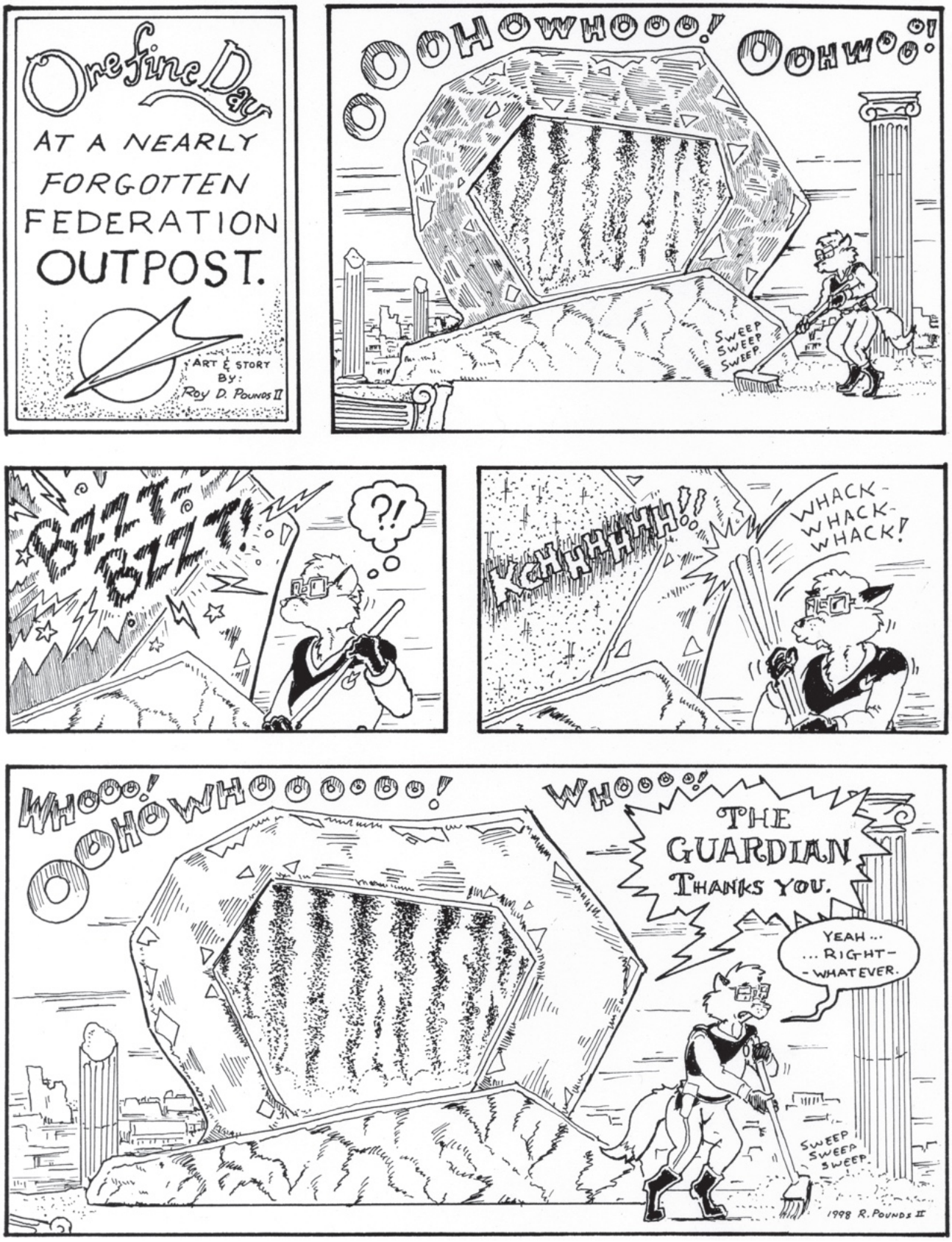
However, Rick had already scattered towards the exit along with the other cockroach families who had decided to spend a fun and educational day at the museum. Cameron twitched his antennae annoyed at his own slowness.

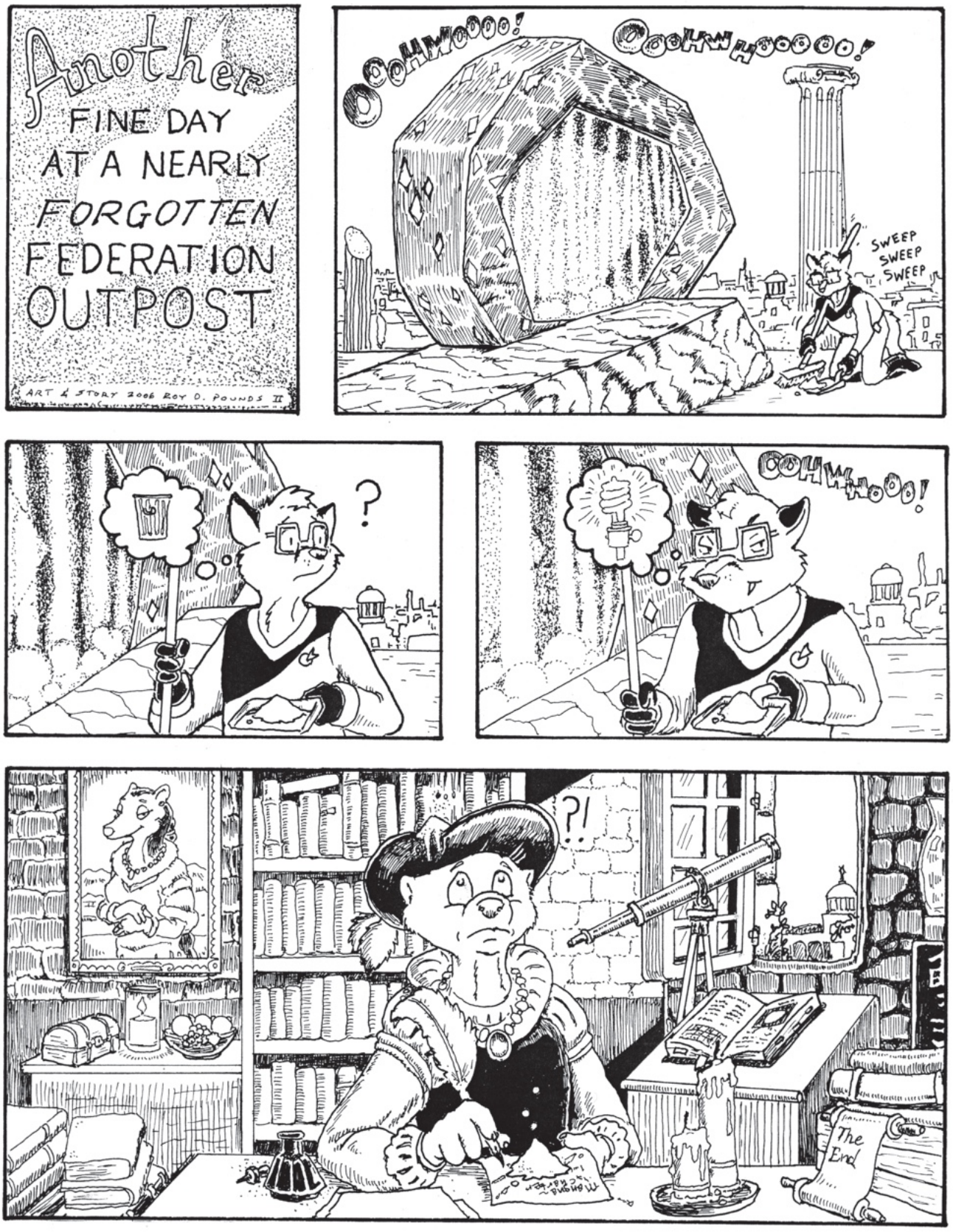
"I must be getting old," he muttered.

"C'mon, Dad!" Rick teasingly called back over his wing. "You don't want natural selection to catch up to you!"

Cameron chuckled as he fell into step with the crowd and gently embraced his son as they scurried back home together.




One fine Day
AT A NEARLY FORGOTTEN FEDERATION OUTPOST.
ART & STORY BY: Roy D. Pounds II
OOOHOWHOOO!
OOHWOO!
SWEEP SWEEP SWEEP
SHIT SHIT!
?!
WHACK-WHACK-WHACK!
WHOOO! OOHO WHOOOOOO!
WHOOO!
THE GUARDIAN THANKS YOU.
YEAH... ...RIGHT- -WHATEVER.
SWEEP SWEEP SWEEP
1998 R. Pounds II


Another
FINE DAY
AT A NEARLY
FORGOTTEN
FEDERATION
OUTPOST
ART & STORY 2006 ROY D. POUNDS II
OOHWOOOO!
OOOHWHOOOOO!
SWEEP
SWEEP
SWEEP
?
OOHWHOOO!
?!
The
End

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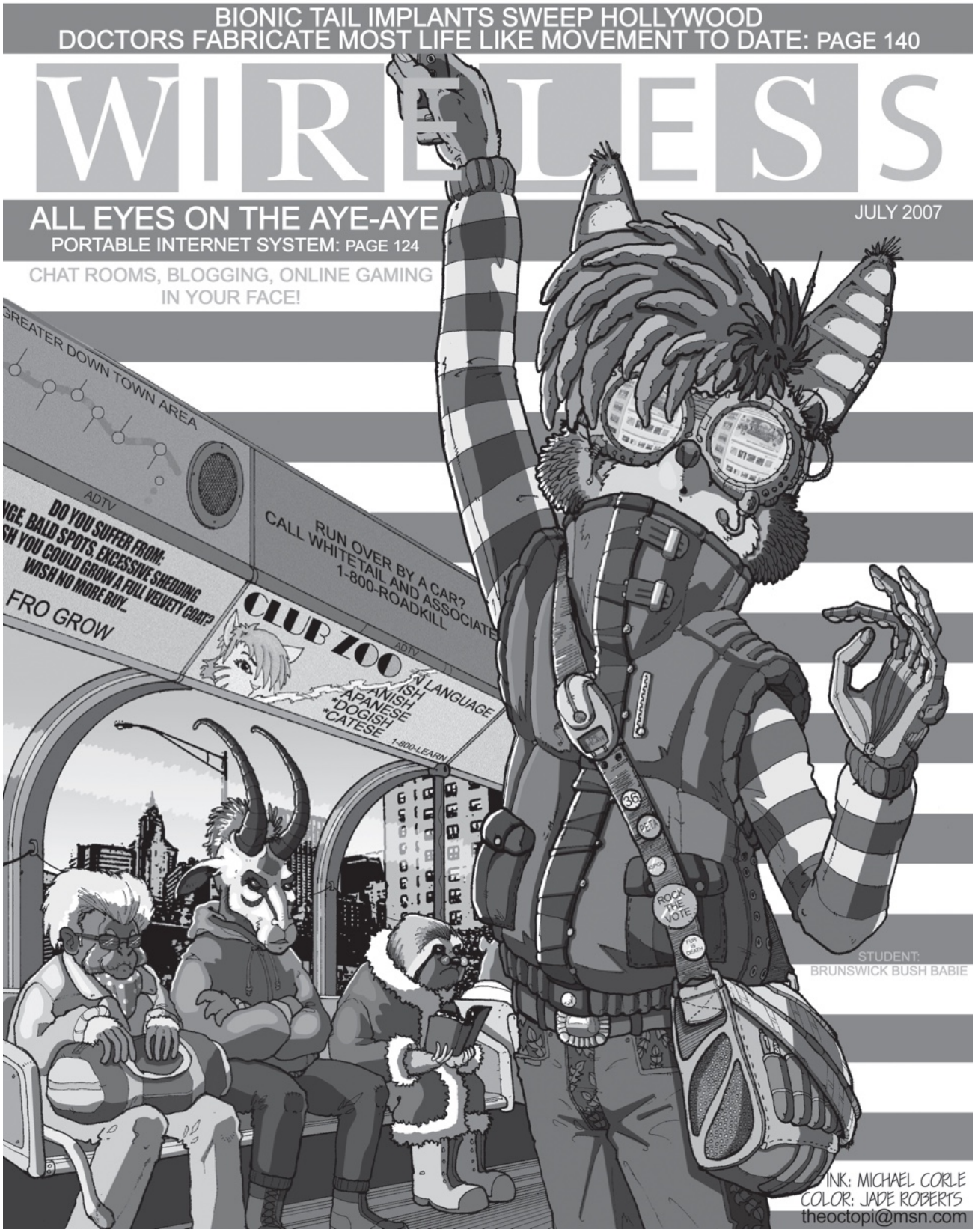

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Intervention

Kristina Tracer

John answered the buzz of his doorbell on the third ring, glaring across the threshold. His normally unkempt mane of hair had been swept back into a semi-coherent tail, but the tie around his neck was still untied, the collar of his light blue dress shirt unbuttoned. His cheeks were clear of stubble, but a dark patch under his neck suggested that I had caught him in the middle of shaving.

"Adam, hi," he said, verbally making a show of forcing civility into his tone. His gaze was tight, unflinching. "I'm sorry; did I or did I not tell you that I had a date tonight?"

I sighed. This is it, I thought. Make or break time. "That's why I'm here, actually."

A scowl crossed John's face as he turned away from the door. "You don't like Mitsuko," he said, half-accusingly, as he stepped back into the apartment. It wasn't an invitation, but he didn't slam the door in my face either. Maybe he wanted to have this out as much as I did. "You never did."

"It's not that I don't like her, John, it's—" My voice cut out as I stepped into the front room that served as both living and dining space in John's cramped studio. Outer space seemed to be the theme of the week. Last Saturday, the wallscreen opposite the entrance had been a bay window, letting in the last rays of sunset across a distant beach. It was now a porthole to a starry sky, an orange sun rising over an alien planet filling the bottom-left corner of the viewport. The other holoframes dotting the walls all echoed the theme, the images flickering from vintage spacesuit cheesecake to drifting starfields to futuristic shots of silver cigar-shaped ships docked at spindly stations.

The only static image in the room dominated the wall to the right, opposite the entrance to the tiny kitchenette. In it, an anthropomorphic raccoon in a jade-green teddy stretched luxuriously against a sea of darker forest velvet. Her tail curled over her legs and she gazed upwards towards the frame with a warm smile. White crysanthemum petals dotted the image, clinging to both background and subject. It looked as though someone had tossed a handful of flowers into the scene, and then captured her just in the moment before she began to laugh.

I turned towards the short hallway that led towards the bathroom. "It's that… how can I even say this?" Frustration mounted in my voice, and I blurted out, "She's not real."

The snap of an electric razor coming to life punctuated my statement, followed by the drone of it doing its work, the only sound in the apartment. An eon of uncomfortable moments later, it snapped off again, leaving the whole room silent. Finally, into the empty air, I heard John speak again. "You've met her," he said levelly.

"You know… you know that's not what I meant," I called down the hallway towards him. "She's not… I mean… she's…." I was at a loss for words. Nothing seemed like the right thing to say; I'd blown my entire argument in the opening statement.

John stepped out of the bathroom, back up the hallway, fingers at his neck, buttoning his shirt. "She's a digital sentience inside one of Tadashiissei's systems." For his inflection, he might have been talking about the weather forecast. He grunted, lifting his head to fasten the top button on his collar. "Your point?"

"I… my point is…." I fumbled for words, backing up towards the entrance as he continued his advance back towards the living room, trying to make eye-contact with him. "John, what kind of relationship do you really think you can have with her?"

He grinned, a genuine smile just shy of laughing, eerily reminiscent of the raccoon's in the picture. "I'm about to go on a date with her, aren't I?"

"No, that's not…." I shook my head. "I mean, what kind of life can you have?" I was trying to be nice, trying to bite my tongue, to be reasonable. There had to be words to express what I was thinking, and I fumbled for them desperately, trying to say something that would make sense to him. "You can't go every week plugging yourself into their network. You can't afford it. It was fun once in a while, but you can't keep this up forever, can you?"

His grin widened. "I don't have to."

As he spoke, his eyes widened, and I saw within them a glimmer that made me pull away as he brushed past me into the living room, gazing out the porthole while he tied his tie. "What do you mean?" I asked his back. "I mean...." I froze as realization dawned. "You can't be serious."

He turned around, smoothing out his Windsor knot, his expression thick with false innocence. "Serious about what?"

"You... you're...." I didn't want to say it; that might have made it real. "You're going in there. Permanently."

"The industry term is 'upload,'" John replied, unnecessarily. "And yes, I am."

I stared, incredulous. For a moment, my eyes slid past John to the viewport, and I felt for a moment as if I would simply fall past him and out into empty space beyond. "How're you going to afford it?"

John's expression toned down to a serene smile, and he picked up a remote off of the short table in front of his sofa. Turning towards the picture over the mantel, he thumbed a button and Mitsuko's portrait flickered out, to be replaced with a pair of raccoons in the same setting, their arms and tails entwined. Mitsuko still wore the same teddy as before, while the other, a male, bore only a pair of what looked like pajama pants made of the same near-translucent fabric. My eyes widened in recognition; it was the avatar John had worn the last time I had gone with him into Tadashiissei's servers.

The frame beeped again, and the scene changed, this time to a shuttle landing bay, where John-the-raccoon and Mitsuko wore immaculate orange mechanic's uniforms, toolbelts at their waists and hats in their paws. Another beep, and John stood at the doorway leading to a shuttle in a silvery steward's uniform, a translucent green bubble helmet tucked under one arm, while Mitsuko stood opposite him in a classic *uchuufuku*, reading flight plans from a palmtop computer. Another beep, and John was motioning out the window of the shuttle towards some kind of space platform.

"Tadashiissei's offered me a job in their design department," he said as a flood of similar images flickered past. "Their first space expansion is due in three years, and I'm going to be part of the lead team. I'll even have a job in-world as chief steward on the station, and Mitsuko's thinking about applying with the hospitality staff." With a final beep, the screen snapped back to the original image, of Mitsuko gazing up at the camera, dotted in crysanthemum petals, just about to giggle.

"You're serious," I said, turning away from Mitsuko's picture, back towards the person I thought I had known as my best friend. "You're really serious," I repeated, unable to make eye contact. My gaze slipped up to the picture of his girlfriend, to the alien world behind him, to the remote that he'd been wielding moments before. "You're really going to stick yourself inside the computer for good."

John chuckled. "Yes, I am." He stopped, and his face became the mask of earnestness. "Adam, I know I can't explain this to you, but I'm happy. It doesn't matter to me that it's all inside a computer. It doesn't matter to me that she's made of ones and zeroes instead of flesh and bone. What matters is that I love her, and that she loves me, and that we have a chance to be together, that I have a chance to be doing what I want to do, with someone I care about. I'm happy, damnit, and I don't understand why you and the guys can't just be happy for me."

"But... but it's not *real*," I protested. "None of it is! It's all just a game!"

"What is real?" John asked as he shook his head. "We could all be brains in jars, for all you can really prove about the world. You don't know for sure that you're not a simulation already. Science can only answer so far up the chain of metaphysics before it has to throw up its hands in disgust. You can't conclusively prove that we didn't all come into existence five minutes ago, that this isn't some grand simulacrum being run by a cosmic computer preloaded with this configuration, our argument included. So what's wrong with going down a level, instead of up one? Why should Tadashiissei's worlds be considered any less real, just because we know where they came from?"

His words gnawed at my heart. I wanted to answer him, to deny him, but I knew that even if I could prove my point, it wouldn't matter. "She doesn't love you, John," I snapped. "She

can't. She's programmed to respond to stimulus, not to feel. She's an AI, not a person." I was lashing out now, but I didn't care.

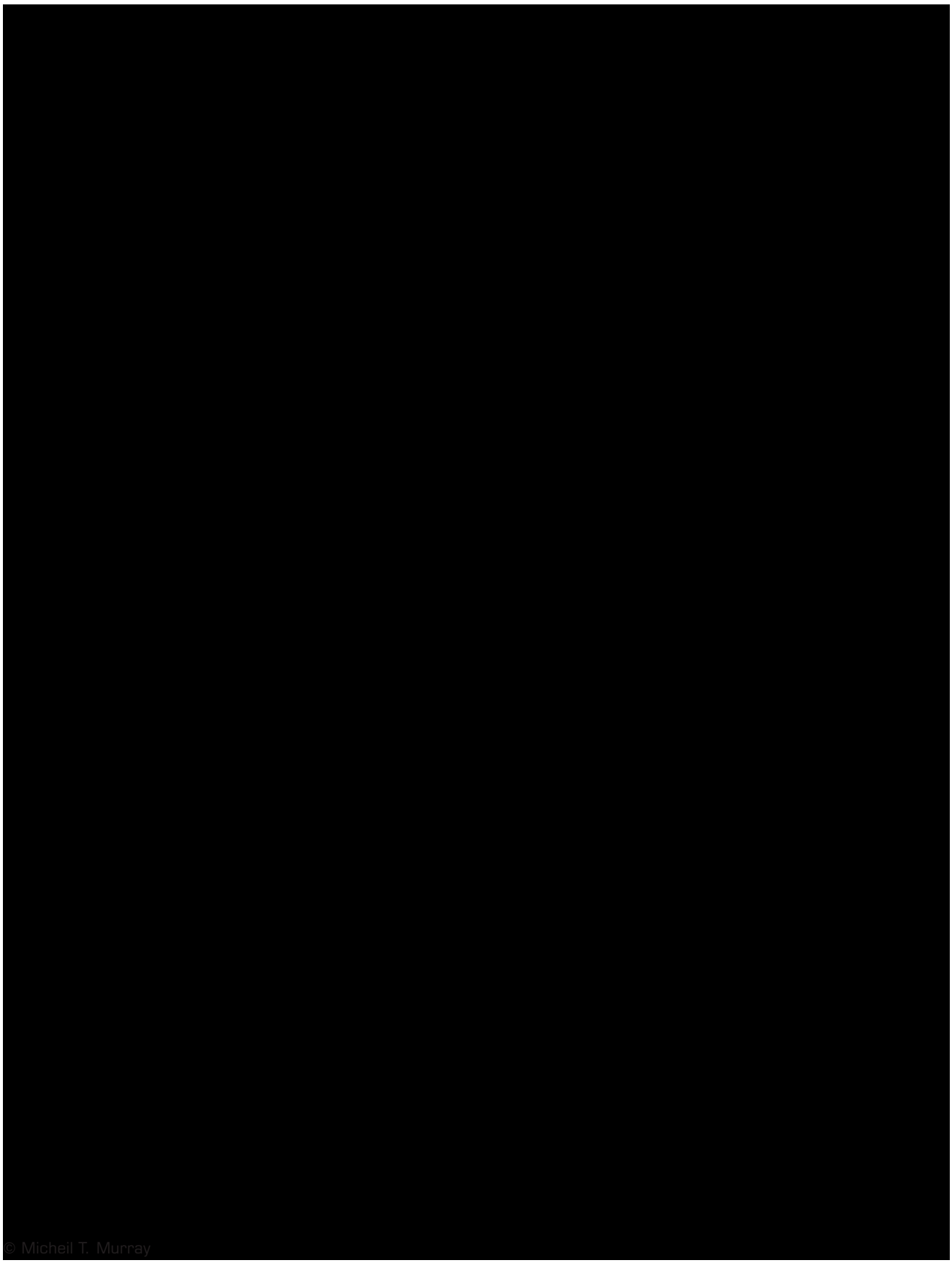
John's expression darkened. "The polite term is 'digital sentience,' Adam, and now you're just being rude. You and I, we're just programmed to respond to stimulus, too, only our programs run on organic lubricants and glands, instead of silicone wafers. What's the difference? Her code's as complex as mine, and she's as blind to her underpinnings as I am to mine. She has thoughts and emotions and hopes and dreams as much as I do. The only difference is that in her world, age is a myth, scarcity is only limited by processing power, and anything literally is possible, if you're willing to work for it. Damnit, Adam, who *wouldn't* jump at a chance to live forever in a world like that?"

I turned away, back towards the door. "I can't explain it any more than I already have," I mumbled, eager now to make my escape. "You just don't get it. I'm about to lose my best friend, and all you can do is play messiah."

"No, Adam," he replied sadly as I retreated out the door, "it's you who doesn't get it. I'll be in paradise in six months, and you'll still be here, wondering where your world went. Good-bye, Adam. I can't spare you any more time, or I'll be late, and reservations at Junsei-en aren't easy to replace."

I turned around to answer, but the door was closing, John already gone behind it. The last thing I saw before it snapped closed was a rocketship blasting off from the surface of the alien world in his holoscreen, heading for the station.

© Captain Furry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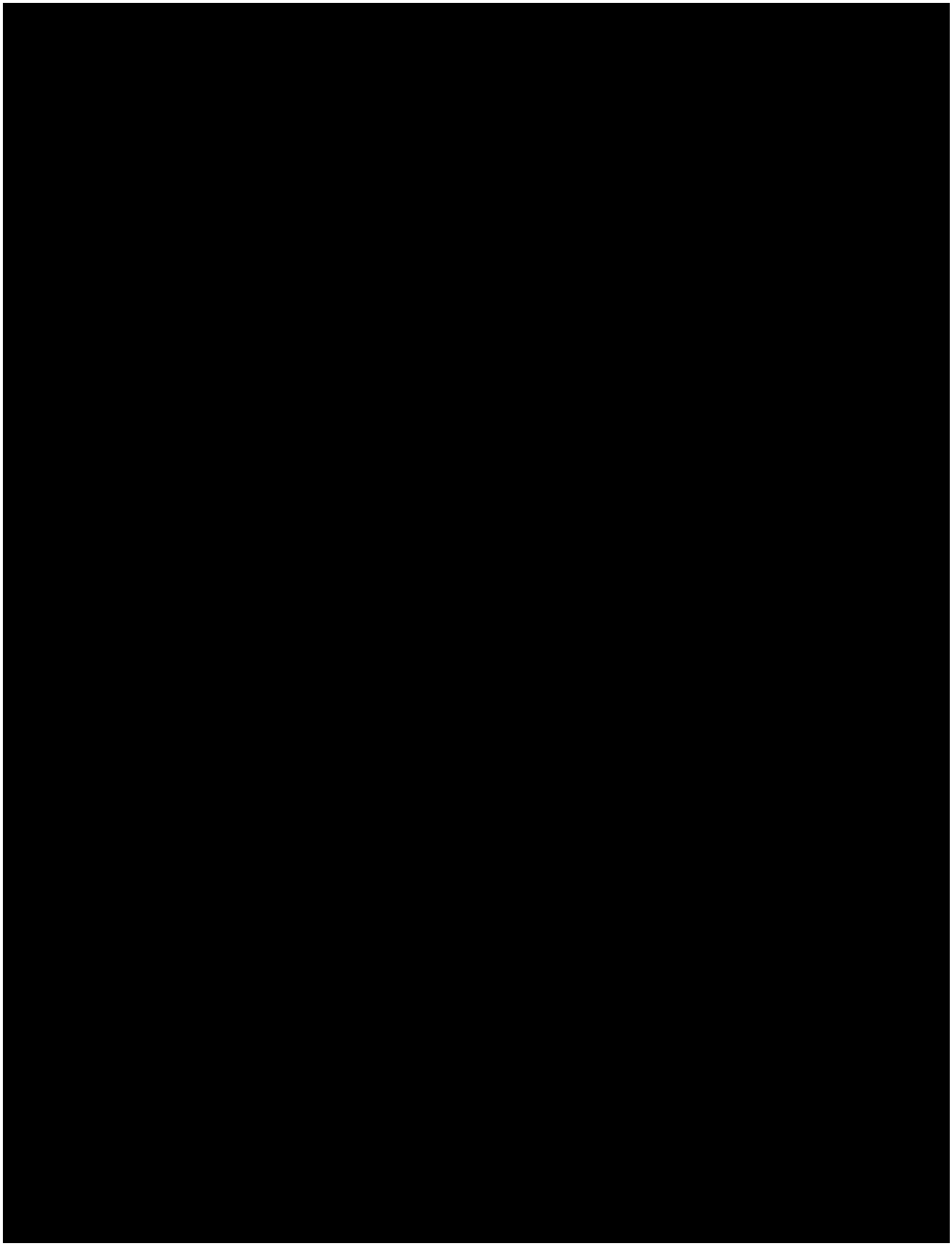

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A World's End

Charles R. deCharleroy, Jr.

Throughout the military complex, alarms and sirens blared through the twilight. Specially trained military officers rushed to their posts as the intelligence center analyzed the newest incoming data on the imminent threat to their world.

"Velocity at approximately 40,000 KPH. Angle of approach has demonstrated an unexpected shift in the last two hours, but impact will still occur in less than six hours," announced the lead science officer, a bruin-like being with burnished brass-rimmed spectacles adorning his blunt, serious muzzle, the years of his military service illustrated in his graying fur. He turned and spoke calmly to the commander of the base, his fortitude in the face of unprecedented disaster a testament to the thoroughness of his own mental training, "I advise deployment of the primary weapon."

The commander, another of the bearish race who stood stalwart as would be expected of a strong leader affirmed this advice with a sharp nod, "Agreed. We can't afford to wait any longer. Start the countdown immediately; divert all power to the main particle cannon; prep firing controls for maximum output."

He turned to the communications officer at his right, "Advise all weapons stations within firing range to upgrade to code red and prepare to fire on our mark. We'll need to hit this thing with everything we have if we're going to have any chance of destroying it completely."

As his men rushed their protocols to be ready in time, the commander reflected upon the past week. It hardly seemed real, the sudden announcement of the end of the world. A ten kilometer wide rogue asteroid from interstellar space had appeared, quite unannounced, only a few million miles from their planet. It was quite a shock to realize that even their careful plotting and diversion of all known planet-crossing asteroids and comets hadn't been enough to guarantee their world's security from death from above.

They'd had mysterious luck with this wandering rock from the great beyond. When it'd first been discovered, it was traveling at over twice the speed it was now. At that rate, the asteroid would have impacted several days earlier; not nearly enough time to modify their weapons for long-range heavy firing at maximum power output. Even with the extra three days, it'd taken everyone they could find with enough scientific know-how to upgrade the systems to withstand the exponentially increased energy. Particle cannons that had previously only brought down enemy nations' ships and missiles would now attempt to destroy a great heap of rock and metal which threatened to kill them all.

For the first time, the bruin and mustelid-like peoples of this planet worked together, putting aside their differences for a common goal: survival.

"Sir?" came a quiet, questioning voice at his left.

"What is it, lieutenant?" he asked gruffly.

"It's slowing down again. The asteroid… it's slowing down even as it gets closer to our gravity," the lieutenant said in a clearly confused voice. "It can't be doing that."

"Are the measurements correct?" the commander asked. "How will it affect our ability to hit it with our cannons? Will we still be properly oriented?"

"We'll still be within clear firing range if we use the cannon in the next hour," came the reply. "But sir, if it continues to slow down like this it won't hit the planet at all. In fact, the latest telemetry indicates it will either miss us and be thrown out of the system entirely or be caught in an orbit about 20,000 miles above the surface at the continued decrease in velocity."

"And if it doesn't?" the commander asked gruffly. "What will we do if it suddenly decides to accelerate? What then soldier?"

Meekly the lieutenant replied, "We'd take a direct hit."

"Exactly. This one's too close for comfort. We're not taking chances!" the commander declared.

"All weapons systems ready! Power input is at peak! Systems are reading borderline, but holding! Incoming object targeted and locked!" shouted several other officers as the information came in.

"The other stations ready yet?" the commander shouted back.

"Yes, sir! All cannon stations report ready to engage weapons!"

"Then shoot the blasted thing!" he bellowed.

Seconds later, from numerous locations, dozens of blazing beams of coherent high-energy particles shot skyward at nearly the speed of light.

In the blink of an eye they hit their target. The asteroid's progress was momentarily halted by the tremendous energies of the particle beams. Then, moments later, thousands upon thousands of molten fissures fractured its surface and it exploded into countless small fragments, most of which now traveled away from the planet, while the remainder were too small to pose any significant threat. As a whole, the planet was now spared from what would certainly have been a mass extinction of life.

Several days had passed since that day, and a new era of worldwide peace began to bloom. The brush with total annihilation made the petty squabbles and lusts for fleeting power dim in importance.

The commander enjoyed the relaxation of tensions. He'd watched over his post for the decades of confusion and conflict; and now it was over.

As he reflected upon the past years in his office and allowed himself to enjoy a pleasant daydream in which he was fishing in a quiet mountain lake, a timid little bruin rapped softly on the glass paned door. "Sir... if it's okay, I have something... I'm not sure what to do with it."

"What is it?" the commander scowled, awoken from his musings. "Be quick about it, I'm busy!"

"Y-yes, sir," said the diminutive subordinate, scurrying in and placing a video disk in the viewer. "Before we destroyed the asteroid, a radio frequency telescope searching for extra-planetary life received a signal. It took some time to figure out it was a sort of simple carrier signal." The viewer came on and a fuzzy image appeared. Strange bipedal creatures with no fur on their bodies, save for their very round heads called out in a strange vocal language, repeating several phrases frequently.

The commander sat up with a start, lower jaw hanging loose. "Is that... is this for real? We have proof of alien life?!"

"Yes sir, it was confirmed that this message came from outside our planet. These creatures are aliens," the small bruin responded.

"Do we know where exactly this message came from? Which star?"

"Sir...," the subordinate took a deep breath. "It came from the asteroid we destroyed. It was a ship; they were directing it into orbit. That's why it was changing course and speed."

The commander felt a shudder pass through him. He slumped into his chair with a paw brushing back his head fur. He shut off the screen, removed the disk and sat staring silently for a few minutes as it lay in his paw. "Does anyone else know about this?"

"A few of the researchers at the dish installation."

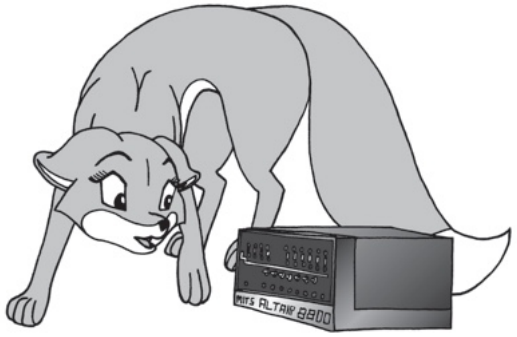
"I'll handle keeping them quiet; go over their computer systems and erase all the evidence."

"Sir?" the small bruin questioned. "Shouldn't someone be told?"

"No," the commander said with a sigh. "There's nothing we can do about it. How could we have known? All this information would do is re-ignite the circle of blame and mistrust." He placed the disk in a drawer in his desk. "Maybe in time...." His voice trailed off. "For now, we need to foster the new peace on our world."

"Understood, sir." The small bruin left to carry out his orders as the commander took out a diary and began to compose a passage he thought would eventually be important for posterity.

"When we act boldly to save our futures," he wrote. "We should first be sure we are not carelessly erasing someone else's."



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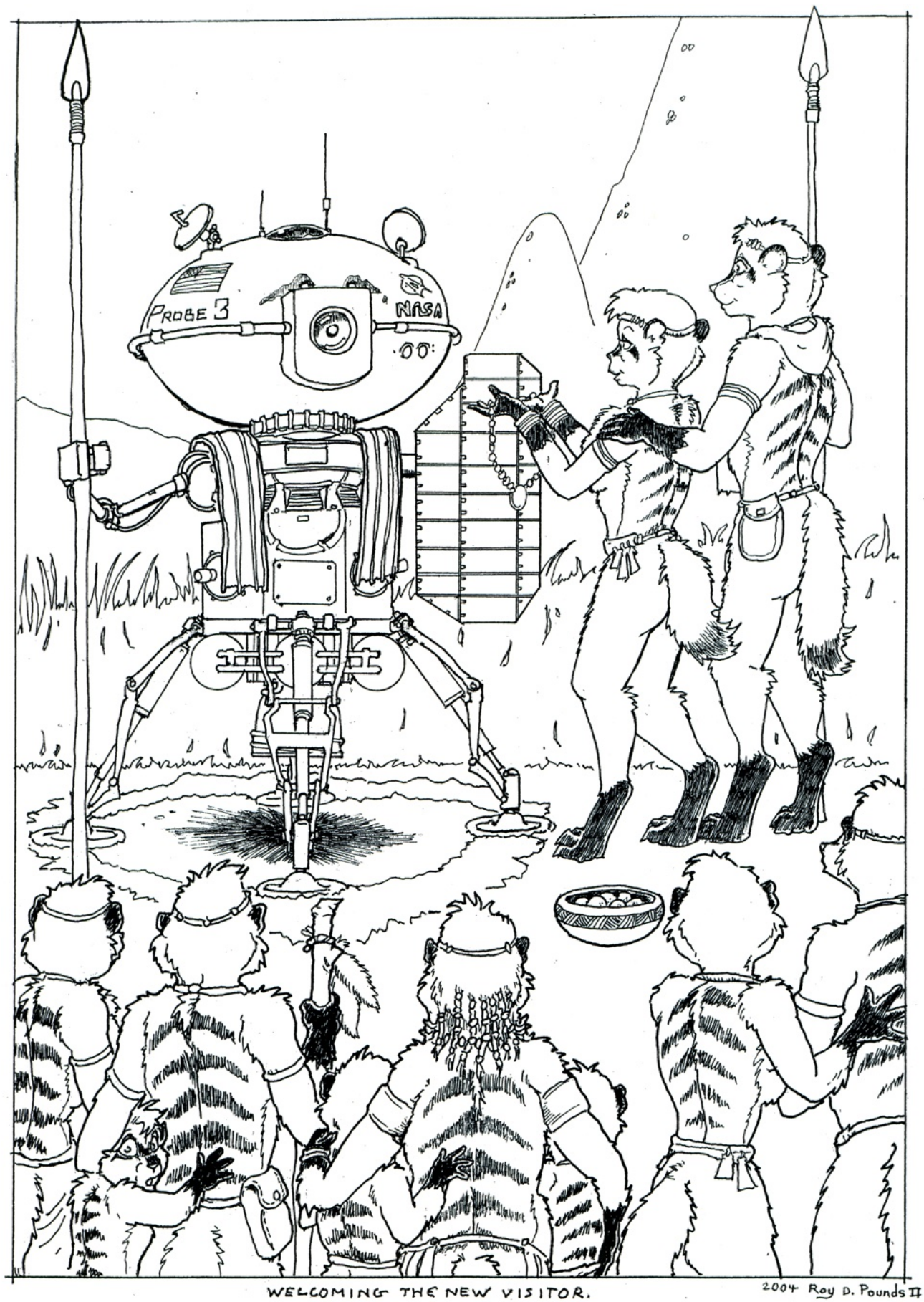

WELCOMING THE NEW VISITOR.

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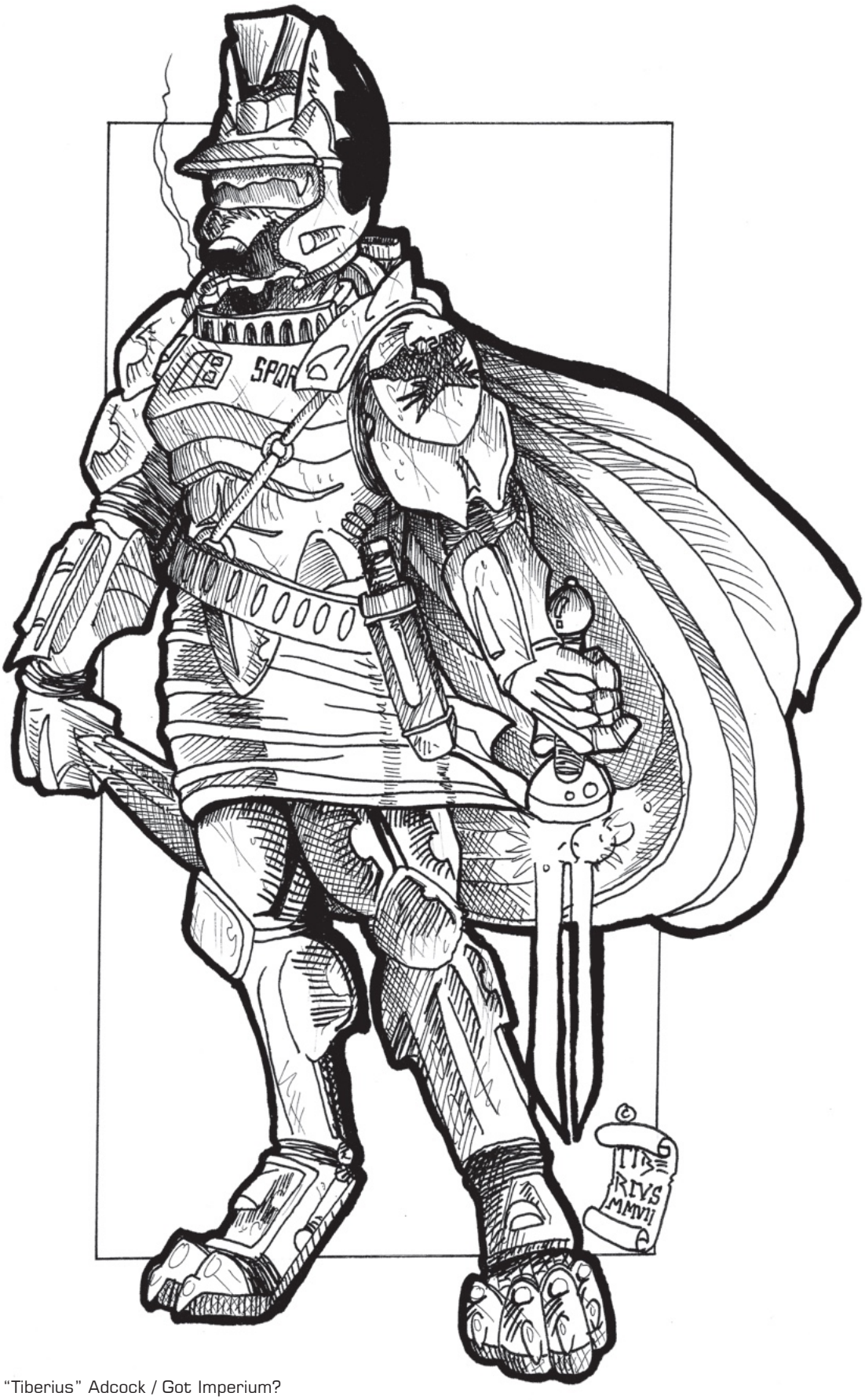

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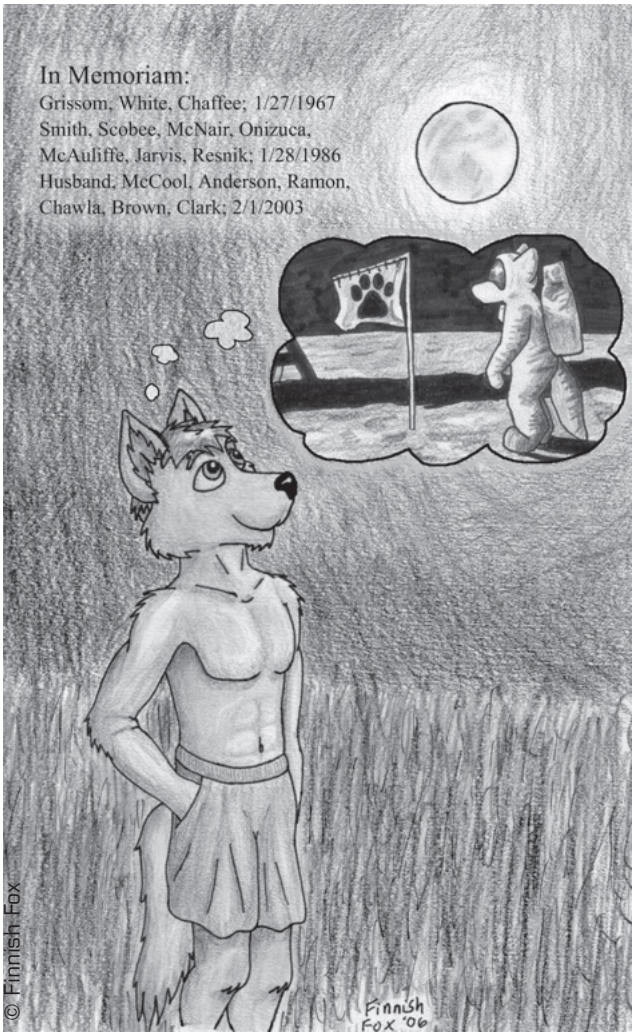

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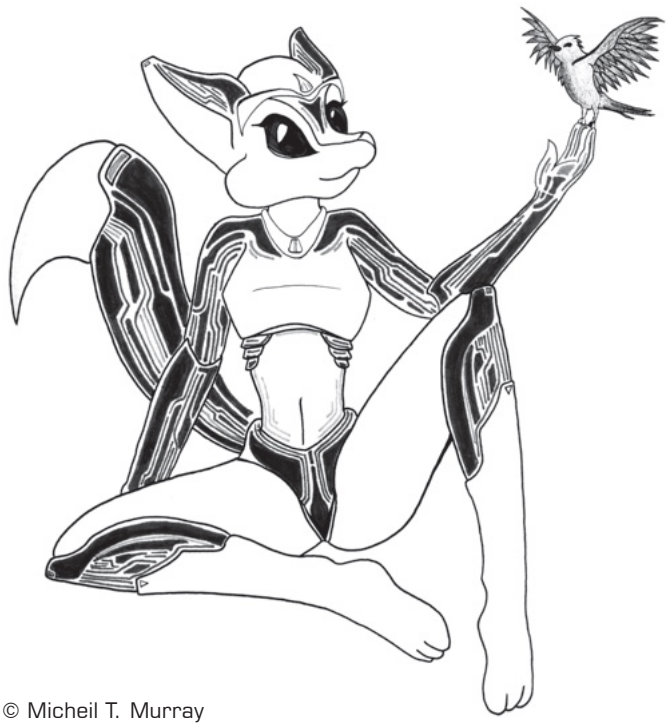

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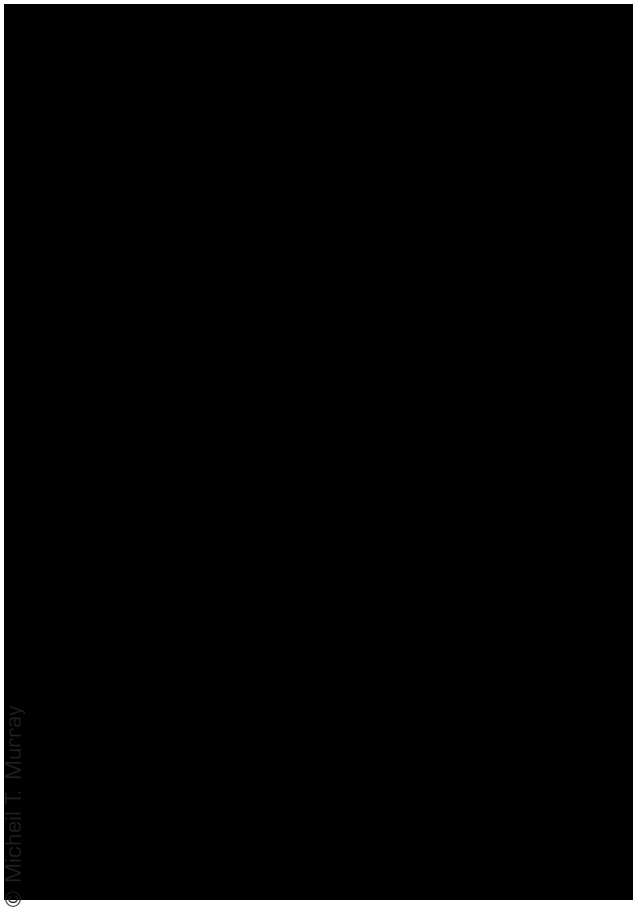

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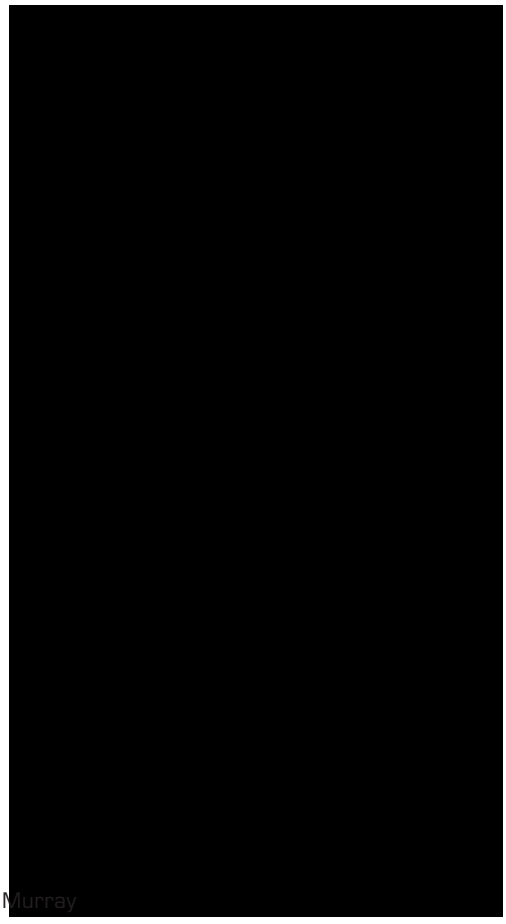

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"What is it you see?"

Ace Bearpaws

Ashlie stood on the high wall surrounding the massive city of steel and glass. She watched as the tremendous doors that had barred the paved thoroughfare into the city were being disassembled to make way for new commerce. She turned, and walked the five paces across the concrete and steel wall to stare down into the bustling streets below. Humans and Furs swarmed over buildings and streets everywhere. Talking, carrying things, working in shops, selling foodstuffs, repairing things that had been damaged in the fighting, all working together to bring things back to normal in the city. It was like watching an ant hill that had been kicked over compared to only a week earlier when the streets had been devoid of all life.

"Xandyr was right." The voice was a deep bass rumble that carried clearly across the windblown wall. Ashlie turned to see a hulking bear mounting the last flight of steps inside of the wall tower. Murphy padded across the wall top and put his meaty handpaws on the waist-high wall to look out over the city next to Ashlie. "He said that everyone would come together once the fighting was done and he was right."

"He did say that. I didn't really believe it, but he did say it." Ashlie replied as she stepped closer to Murphy to shelter from the wind in the protection of his ponderous frame. She curled her long tail around his waist and he put a thick arm around her shoulders and pulled her close with a smile.

"Do you think it will last, though?"

"We can hope, can't we?"

"That we can. It seems that everyone else is going to hope with us," Murphy said as he studied the bustling streets below.

"This place, this city, is going to be the heart of a whole new world if everyone keeps that hope alive."

"He said that too," Murphy replied as he pulled a piece of dried meat from a small pouch fastened to his belt. He offered her a bit and she took it, grateful for the snack after her long shift on watch. She went back to staring out at the work going on in the city. In a far off square her feline eyes could just make out the extensive grid of scaffolding that surrounded the enormous statue being constructed at the center of the city. It was to be a monument to everyone who had died in the fighting. Stone walls six feet high ran away from the statue in the center of the square in every direction like a labyrinth with the stone statue the prize at its core. Thousands of names had already been carved into the stone, and thousands more would be there before the whole thing was finished.

"What else did he say?" a voice whispered between them. Ashlie and Murphy both jumped. They spun to face a short black and white fox. His tail swayed lazily, and he grinned at her.

Ashlie put a handpaw over her hammering heart. "Xandyr! Don't do that!"

"Do what? I didn't even have to sneak up on you, you were so engrossed in what you were doing."

"Oh, of course you didn't," Ashlie smirked and rolled her eyes as she turned back to the wall. Murphy enfolded her in his arm again and she leaned against him.

"So what do you think of what we have done? I told you it would come out just fine."

"It's all so amazing. A few months ago, when you told me that, I thought that somehow you had lost your mind."

"And what would you say now?"

"That in the end it was worth the fight. That I am glad that I trusted you."

"I'm glad you feel that way, because freedom to live your life is always worth the fight, no matter what it takes," Xandyr said as he turned his back and leaned against the wall. He looked up towards the clouds floating past in the clear blue sky with a thoughtful expression. "There is still a lot to be done, but this is where it has begun. The world is a much larger place than just our country, and there are still places which do not have their freedom," he said. He heaved a sigh and turned to look out over the city with her.

"It will come with time. You have helped us prove that anything can come with time and hard work with what has happened here. Others will see it too," Murphy said. "You have given us our lives back, others will want theirs returned. They will help you."

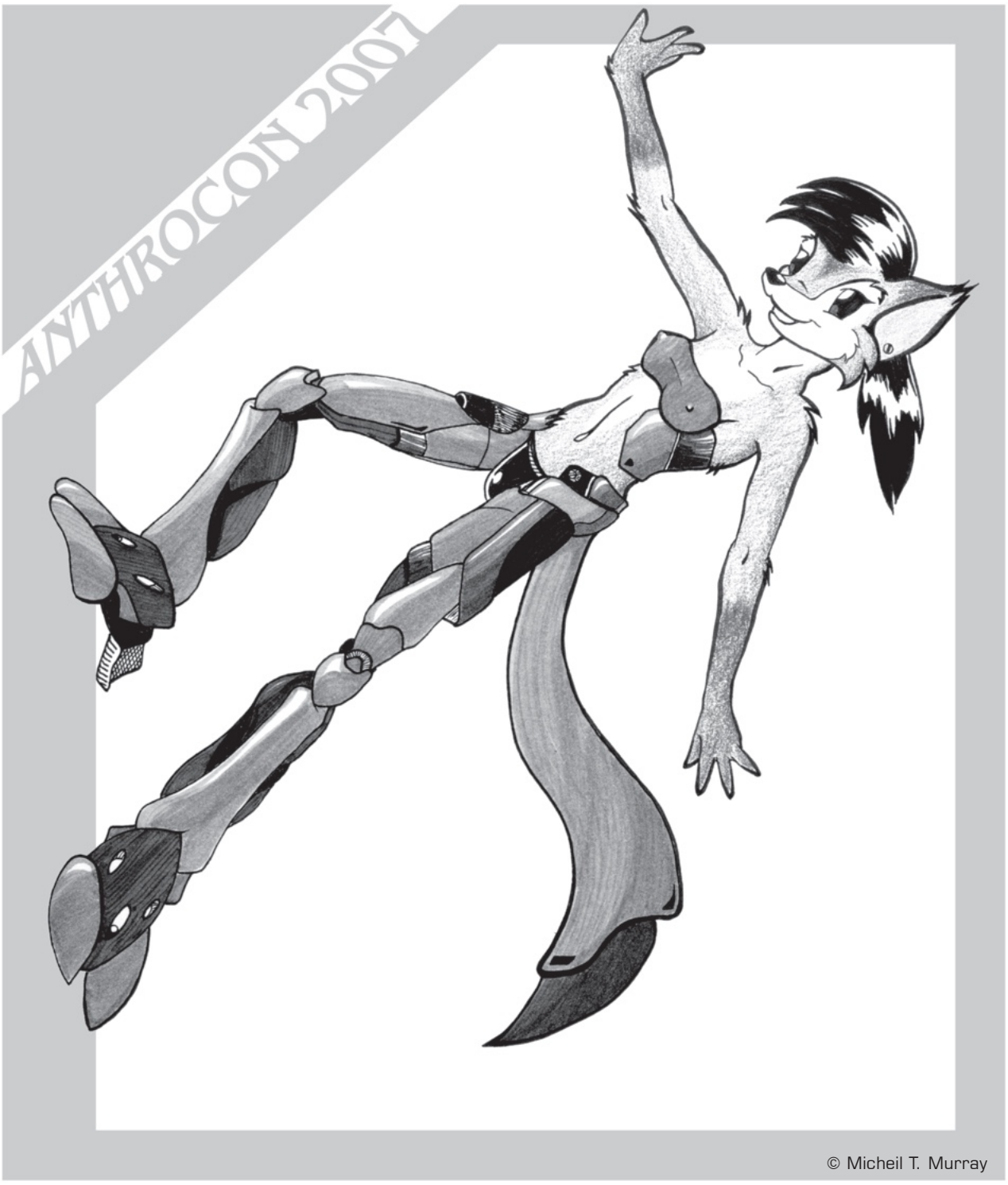
"You both did as much as I to that end."

"No, you did something more, you gave us the inspiration we needed to push ahead. That is what a leader does," Murphy said.

Xandyr just shook his head.

"I am no leader," he said as he watched the throngs of people, both Human and Fur, stream by on the street below. Then he turned to Ashlie. "So I find you up here all the time, just watching the world go by. What is it that you see down there that so interests you?" He waved his left handpaw out towards the street. She folded her arms and leaned on the wall looking out over the city. She did not look up but a smile crept onto her face.

"The future."



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Riddley Rabbit Returns to the Future

James L. Brandt

Our story opens near Wonderland, that amazing place famous author Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, written under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, envisioned out of a hookah-generated fog one day in 1865. A frantic little white rabbit was hopping madly across a meadow as if the local tax assessor himself were in close pursuit. But our story is not about the past. It is about looking to the future, and that is exactly what the little bunny did, stopping dead in his mad dash as a strange silver vehicle appeared in a flash and a huge cloud of smoke and ice crystals, screeching to a halt in a gravel patch right there in his intended path.

The White Rabbit was convinced that he was cast in entirely the wrong sort of fantasy tale as a hum emitted from the bizarre car, accompanied by movement as one of its two clamshell doors rose open. Out stepped a stocky little bipedal morph, resplendent in a bright yellow chemical wet suit and looking for all the world to the White Rabbit as a walking plastic banana man. The car's hatch-like door closed behind the strange visitor.

Smoke was still pouring off of his suit as the banana character took off his hooded headgear. It surprised and intrigued the White Rabbit that a rather dapper looking lop rabbit was inside. He had met the Number One Bun for the first time.

"I'm here to make your day!" the lop announced brightly.

"No more sneaking the cooking sherry," the White Rabbit swore to himself, rubbing his eyes, part in disbelief and part because of the misty, moisture laden air drifting around him. "I cannot be actually seeing all of this!"

"But of course you are," the squeaky-suited rabbit insisted, "for I am Riddley Rabbit, and I am back from The Future!"

"I'm White Rabbit," the disheveled little bunny replied morosely, "and I am having a hard enough time dealing with the here and now."

"That's your name?" Riddley inquired, cocking his head in question. "Just White Rabbit?"

"That's right!"

"Shoot!" said Riddley, "I'm a white rabbit!"

"Yes," the White Rabbit replied, "but you're not on the clock!" He fished in his waistcoat pocket and produced an oversized pocket watch, complete with chain.

"You're a railroad conductor," Riddley guessed lamely.

"Oh dear, not at all!" the White Rabbit wailed. "What I am is LATE! The Queen and the Duchess will have my guts for garters!"

"Ick!" Riddley winced. "Look, Whitey, I think I can get you out of this jam. Take a look at this contraption I just arrived in."

Riddley introduced the White Rabbit to his wild ride, proclaiming the odd, angular, wedge-shaped sports car to be a time machine, with which they could destine their own immediate future.

"I got this sled cheap from a used car place on the south side of Chicago," Riddley related. "One of those gravel strewn bagel lots with too many long strings of bright lights. I don't think the lot owner even knew what he had."

Riddley planned to take the White Rabbit to the tea party himself and to be absolutely sure to get him there on time.

"I just don't want you to lose your head," Riddley explained.

"Oh, dear!" White Rabbit exclaimed. "Are you sure you can do that?"

"Are you kidding?" Riddley asked. "I've been rescuing rabbits in fairy tales for quite a while now. Last week I went back in time and picked up Peter Rabbit. We returned to the future and made sure we were ahead of time for the story. We snuck into the vegetable garden with no problem. By the time the farmer showed up, we had already been and gone with all the carrots we could carry!"

"I don't think that the designer of that car," White Rabbit observed thoughtfully, "intended it to be used for felonious activity."

"Are you kidding?" Riddley asked again as his whiskers drooped. "Do you actually KNOW who designed these cars?"

White Rabbit didn't have an answer for that.

"Never mind," Riddley insisted. "Let's get going

so we can beat the narrator of this story and save your cotton tail!"

So, Riddley hit the remote button for the power door locks and the tall, gull wing doors of the mysterious....WAIT a minute!

He wants to beat the narrator of this story! Why, that would be ME, now wouldn't it?!

Doggone smarty-pants rabbit! Oh well. Onward with our tale.

So Riddley hit the remote button for the power door locks and the tall, gull wing doors of the mysterious aluminum-bodied car began to slowly swing upward as he and the White Rabbit climbed aboard.

"Buckle your seat belt," Riddley advised the White Rabbit. He began to demonstrate the technique, pulling his own harness tightly around himself. "This thing takes off like a gunshot!"

"Really fast, is it then?" the White Rabbit inquired.

"It'll knock you clear into next week," Riddley assured him.

The meadow was large enough to get a running start. As the car accelerated, Riddley called across once more to his fuzzy, white fellow lagomorphic companion.

"Okay," he asked, "what time is good for you to arrive there?"

"About an hour and a half before right now!" the White Rabbit concluded, and showed Riddley his outsized pocket watch dial.

Riddley pushed buttons to enter the required time coordinates into the on board computer that controlled the flux capacitor behind them. He already knew where he was heading (he'd already read the book *Through the Looking Glass*, in fact) and now he also knew exactly when he was to arrive there as well. Riddley grasped the steering wheel tightly as the sports car hit eighty-eight miles per hour, catapulting the two of them into pitch darkness.

© James L. Brandt

They'd both closed their eyes, you see.

* * * * *

The kingdom guards resembled giant playing cards, with head, hands and feet. The ace of diamonds and the deuce of clubs stood watch. The huge guards stared straight ahead, stiffly at attention, their spears held at arm's length, staffs against the ground, points high. They never flinched as the strange silver car approached, ice chips and smoke trailing in tendrils behind it as it coasted to a stop right there in front of them. These guards were used to seeing odd vehicles arrive. Only last week, for instance, they were confronted with a carriage that had been hewn out of a giant pumpkin.

The gull wing doors of Riddley's plutonium-powered time machine swung slowly skyward, and the two rabbits hopped out. The White Rabbit scrambled anxiously forward, still convinced that something wasn't quite right. He was stopped cold as the shaft of a spear came down suddenly, driven into the ground before his feet.

"Rabbit!" one of the guards called out gruffly, staring down upon the White Rabbit. "You're late!"

In a sudden fit of desperation, the White Rabbit dug the oversized pocket watch out of his waistcoat and promptly freaked out.

"The Duchess! The Queen! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! They'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets!"

He realized that, despite Riddley's efforts, they were indeed late.

"How did that happen?" Riddley asked, turning toward the White Rabbit in bewilderment.

"Oh dear!" the White Rabbit replied. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

"What?!" Riddley demanded.

"I forgot to wind it!" the hare exclaimed in agony.

The White Rabbit held up the oversized pocket watch by its chain so that Riddley could read its face, a pale expression of dread showing clearly upon his own face. His explanation came painfully forward as Riddley observed three motionless clock hands.

"It stopped."

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LOOKING
TO
THE FURTURE
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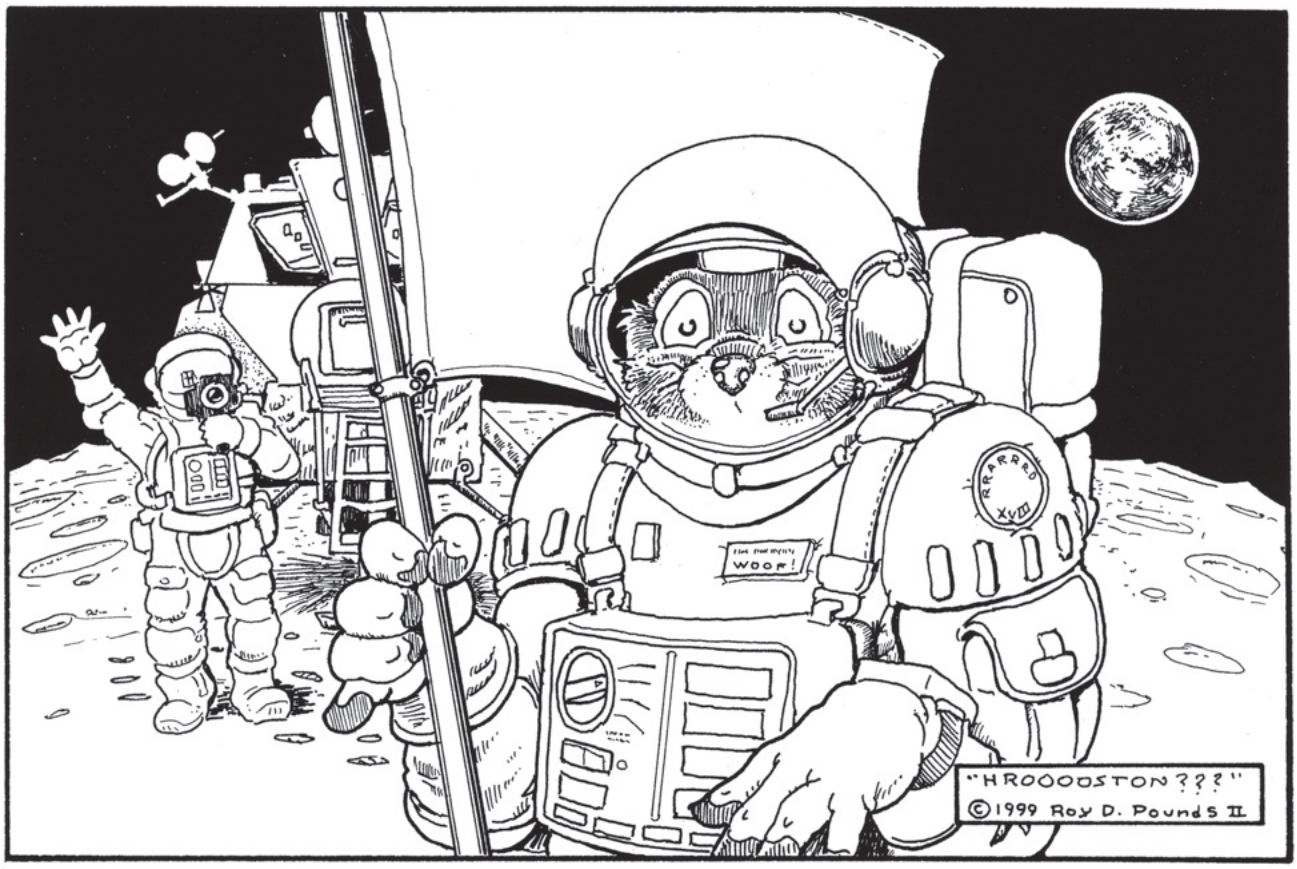
WOOF!
"HROOOOSTON???"
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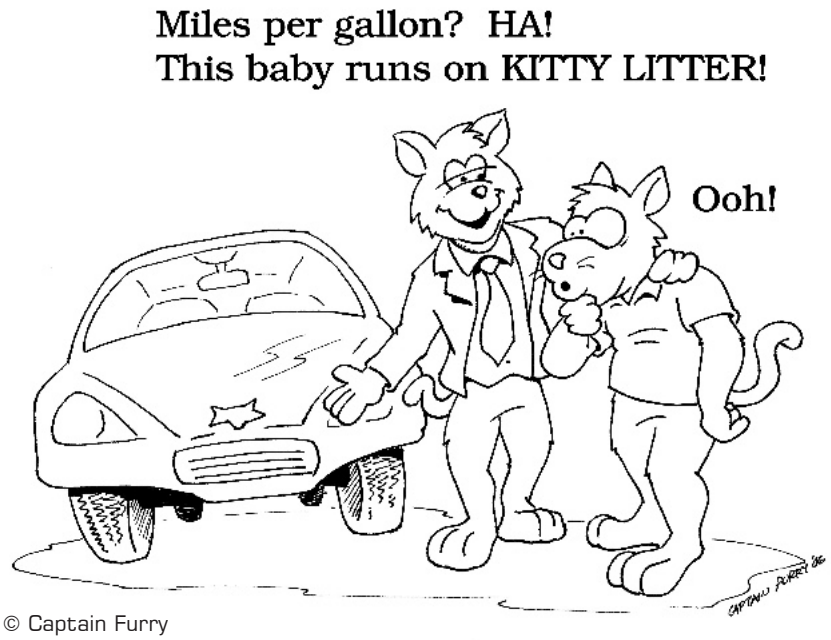
Miles per gallon? HA!
This baby runs on KITTY LITTER!
Ooh!
© Captain Furry

DINNER!
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Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

Version 2.2

The primary purpose of Anthrocon is for our attendees to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective, we have established certain rules of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of any one small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention. Anthrocon welcomes all parties with an interest in anthropomorphics; however, the convention's management reserves the right to deny or revoke the membership of any individual at any time for any reason. This action may be undertaken in the event that an individual's presence or behavior causes significant interference with convention operations or adversely affects the organization's relationship with its guests or with its venue. Anthrocon also reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff, and they will assist you.

Anyone who accepts a membership badge agrees to indemnify and hold harmless Anthrocon, Inc. from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at Anthrocon 2007, even if such injury or damage is caused by negligence by or on the part of Anthrocon, Inc.

General Rating of the Convention and Public Decorum

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. All convention areas are considered to be "PG" at all times, with the exception of events or exhibits that are specifically noted to be inappropriate for minors and access to which is monitored by Anthrocon Security staff.

Public displays of affection beyond what is appropriate for polite company are frowned upon. You will be asked to express your devotion to your significant other either in less conspicuous ways, or in private.

Shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear must be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in the Convention Center, and in any restaurant. Bathing suits in the lobby or the Convention Center are not considered to be appropriate attire. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all areas of the hotel and Convention Center except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Attendees, when in public areas, may not wear clothing which is overly revealing or inappropriate to the atmosphere of the convention. The latter includes fetish-related garb and accoutrements. Collars are acceptable and are worn by numerous attendees as a fashion statement, but leashes attached thereunto are not.

Attendance by Minors

Anthrocon strives to maintain an environment that is safe and enjoyable for all members of all ages; we cannot, however, take responsibility for the actions of individual members, neither will we assume responsibility for those who are the legal responsibility of someone else. A minor, defined as a person under the age of 18 years of age who has not been legally emancipated from his or her parents, must either be accompanied at all times by a parent or legal guardian, or present a signed and notarized statement (forms are available on Anthrocon's web page or from the registration department) indicating parental permission to attend unescorted. Even with such permission, minors must not attempt to attend any events intended for mature audiences unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

In the past, minors have attempted to enter the convention under false pretenses or by forging documentation. In these instances, Anthrocon has no choice but to remand the minor in question immediately to the custody of the local police.

Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security.

No weapons or any item that can be easily mistaken for one may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space, *regardless of any concealed carry permits you may possess*. Padded swords, bokken and similar striking implements used to practice swordplay may not be used in any convention area. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal to carry in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

Posting of announcements, fliers, etc.

Anthrocon provides a message board in a public area where members may post messages, place announcements for get-togethers, etc. Since the message board is in a public area, please do not post anything that may reflect poorly on the

convention as a whole. The staff reserves the right to remove any posted materials that are considered inappropriate.

Do *not* affix anything to the walls of the hotel or Convention Center, including in the elevators. Hotel and Convention Center staff are authorized to remove any unauthorized postings on sight. Likewise, please do not affix any postings, or deface in any way, the directional signs placed by Anthrocon. These cost money and are easily damaged by tape being placed upon them.

Sales of Merchandise

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken *only* in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal according to multiple local regulations to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or Convention Center that are not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Personal conduct in convention areas and in public areas of the hotel.

There is no smoking in any portion of the Westin Hotel, even in the sleeping rooms. There is likewise no smoking in any portion of the Convention Center. Our hosts respectfully request that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there may be other guests staying or dining at the hotel who are not members of the convention. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with local security personnel. "Disorderly conduct" may result in revocation of your membership, and includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance or disruption of any convention or hotel function. This restriction also holds for the Convention Center.

No items of any kind, including paper airplanes, may be thrown or dropped from the hotel or Convention Center balconies or patios.

No water pistols, silly string, or any other projectile-type toy may be used in any public area of the hotel or Convention Center.

No sleeping in the lobby, the hallways, the meeting rooms or the Zoo. Get a room, please!

Requests for room amenities such as towels and pillows beyond the number that is reasonable and customary for a single room will not be honored. Kindly bring such extra items from home if they are expected to be required.

A very small number of individuals who have engaged in disruptive behavior in the past have had their membership privileges revoked and are not permitted to attend the convention. We ask that our members respect such a decision, which is always made after careful consideration by the entire Board of Directors. Deliberate attempts to circumvent this restriction by facilitating the transportation, housing or attendance by an individual known to be unwelcome at the convention constitute "disorderly conduct" and will be addressed in the appropriate fashion.

Attendees must not attempt to cross any barriers (such as curtains or stanchions) without being accompanied by an Anthrocon staff member. Crossing such a barrier or otherwise entering an area that is off-limits to our attendees may result in suspension of your membership and removal from the convention.

Anthrocon will once again be working with a unionized labor force. It is important that we maintain a cordial and mutually-supportive relationship with the union. Any disagreements with hotel or Convention Center staff should be directed immediately to Anthrocon's Operations Office.

Harassment

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone. Harassment of any kind, including physical assault, battery, deliberate intimidation, stalking, or unwelcome physical attentions, will not be tolerated. If people tell you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. Leave them alone. Do not follow them or attempt to disrupt their convention experience in any way. If you continue to attempt to have contact with those people, you may be removed from the premises.

Anthrocon is not responsible for solving any interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat toward the convention itself. If you feel that a threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual in question and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or attempts to assault you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security staff and the appropriate action will be taken. Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent person removed from the convention by falsely accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.

Substance Abuse

The sale or other distribution of any illegal or controlled substances is not welcome at Anthrocon. Any individual found to be distributing such substances will be removed and reported directly to the local authorities. Bottled alcoholic beverages may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals in Pennsylvania). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. **Please note an important caveat involving minors:** Anyone knowingly *or unknowingly* providing alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 will be guilty of a felony

and will be turned over to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of 21, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

Use of video or audio footage and Media Relations

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media-capturing medium or devices, audio, visual or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention. Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

- Members may not seek out or interview other members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon, and must be escorted by a senior staff member at all times while on the premises.
- Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign ALL related rights, compensations and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.
- Individual members agree to assign without compensation the use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.
- Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel-room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.
- Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.
- Members are not permitted to film items displayed in the art show except with the explicit permission of, and under the direct supervision of, the Art Show Director. All cameras and other recording devices must be checked at the art show entrance. Anthrocon assumes no responsibility for checked items. Cell phones may not be used in the Art Show at any time. If you wish to make or receive a call, you must exit the room.
- Anthrocon may allow certain members of the media to film and/or conduct interviews at the convention. These people will *always* be accompanied by an Anthrocon senior staff member. Members should not grant interviews with unescorted media, and are strongly discouraged from inviting such media to their hotel rooms.

Payments to Anthrocon

Please note that Anthrocon is a 501(c)7 nonprofit organization. As such, donations to the organization are **not** deductible from individual U.S. Federal income taxes.

Anthrocon is pleased to accept personal checks. Checks that are presented against insufficient funds, however, must be charged a fee of $30 per check. Anthrocon also accepts a variety of credit cards as payment. We will attempt to resolve any dispute involving a credit card payment to Anthrocon in an amicable fashion. Chargebacks (denying payment to a credit card company for a specific charge) that are made for the sole purpose of avoiding payment, that are made without sufficient cause, or that are made without first attempting to resolve the dispute with Anthrocon may result in permanent revocation of membership privileges and possible legal action.

Members who have an outstanding balance due to Anthrocon must settle that balance before being permitted to attend the convention.

Anthrocon cannot involve itself in financial disputes between individual members, and cannot divulge information about an individual member to any party other than to banking officials or legal authorities.

Miscellaneous notes

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member, you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals

in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on party goers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. This includes payment for any and all damage, whether caused intentionally or unintentionally (such as from hanging something on a sprinkler head. Don't do that.) Please note that if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst-case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation and for their continued assistance in making this a safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.

The Dorsai Irregulars

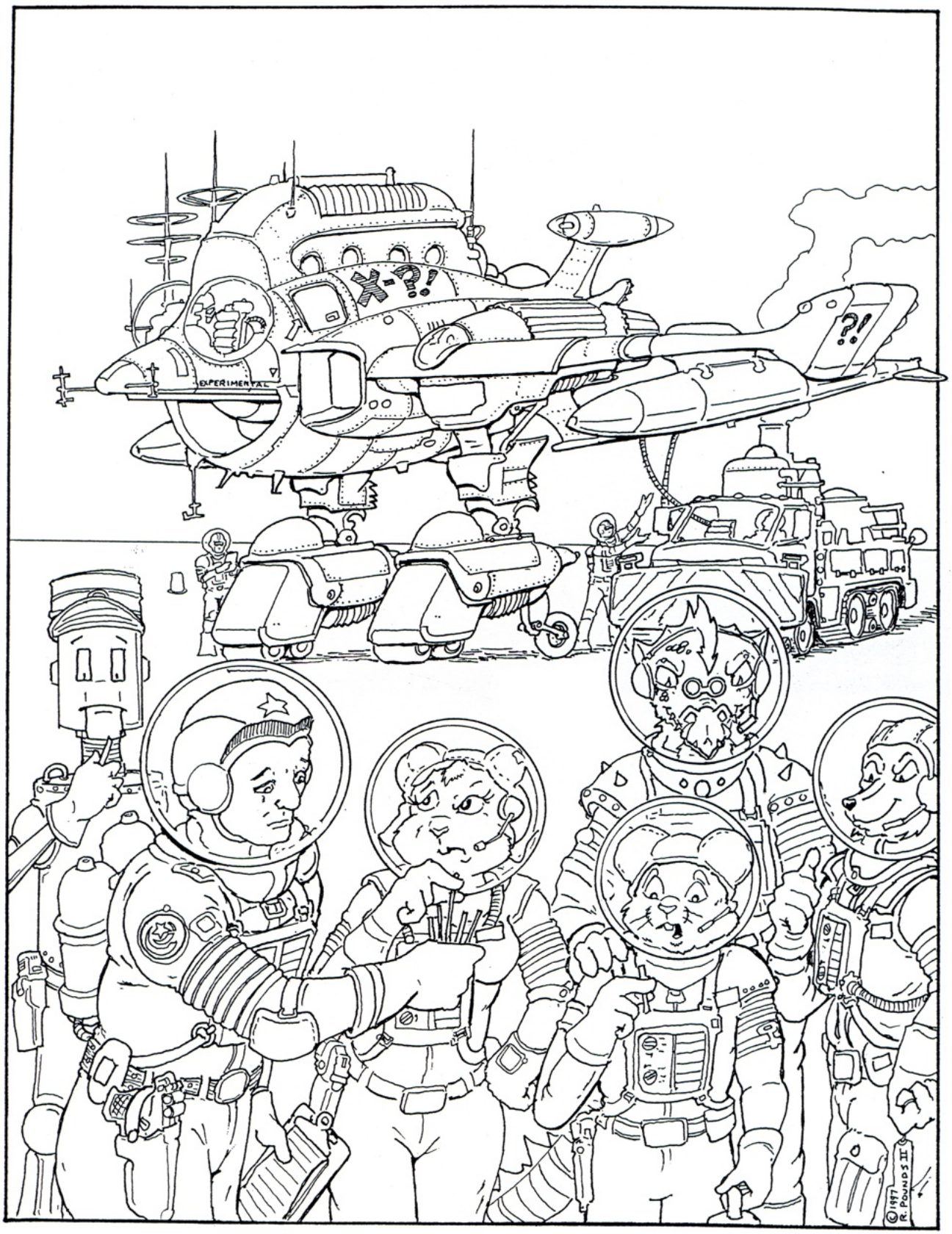
The Dorsai Irregulars—or DI for short—is an organization of Science Fiction fans that provides volunteer services to Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Media Fannish conventions. These services include security, operations support, room and crowd control, art show operations, and auctioneering. The DI have been providing support services for Anthrocon since 2002.

The Dorsai Irregulars share a common love of Science Fiction, commitment to service at SF events, and trust in each other. The DI work as a "Crew" of about five to twenty-five on any given convention contract. Their collective persona is loosely based on the company of space mercenaries known as Dorsai, from the novels of Gordon R. Dickson.

"How do I join?" is the question most frequently asked of the Dorsai Irregulars. The answer is, like the old joke about getting to Carnegie Hall, "Practice!" Membership in the DI is by invitation only. New members are chosen primarily from people they have worked with and who work well with the Crew; for their willingness to work selflessly, good nature, ability to think on their feet, sense of responsibility, and ability to perform various roles in the organization. There is no official limit or quota on new members but the selection process is somewhat complex and lengthy.

More information on the Dorsai Irregulars is available on their web site at http://www.di.org/.

© John "The Gneech" Robey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R. Pounds II

CREDITS

Patricia Altergott
Security
Patricia has been active in the Michigan SF community since the late '80's, volunteering, staffing, and organizing many areas of various conventions. For the past five years she has taken charge of Penguicon's green room. Her latest efforts have been focused on co-chairing ConClave 2006 and 2007.

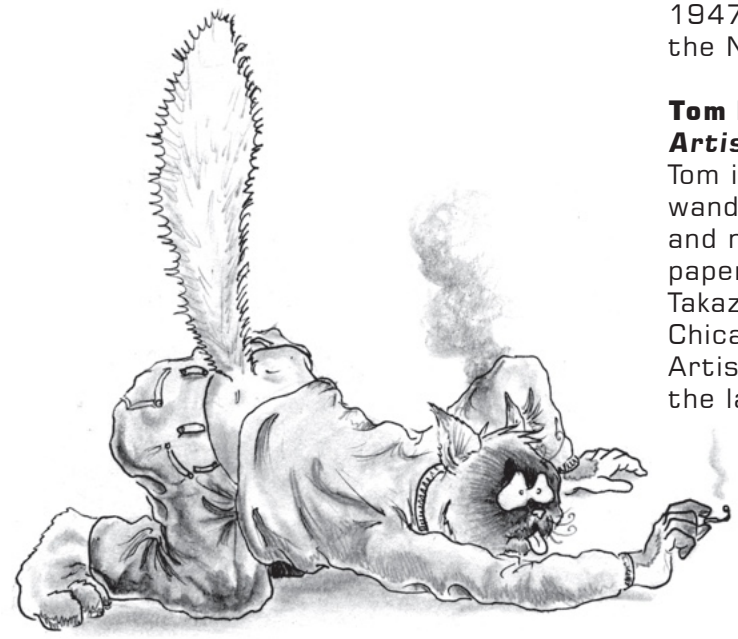
Arcticwolf
Art Show
Arctic' is a charter member of Anthrocon who joins us for his eleventh year on staff. Though he's best known for (pre-Dorsai) work on con security and continued service on AC's Art Crew, Arcticwolf is a familiar face who is often found lending a 'paw' wherever and whenever help is needed.

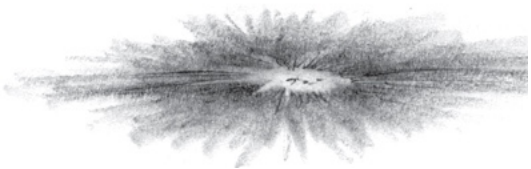
Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong
Registration
Bob works at Foxwoods Resort*Casino in Connecticut, owns more They Might Be Giants albums than you do, and will probably be in a chef outfit. He buys furry conbadges for his co-workers, and he's not telling you his vixen alt.

Ashe
Publications
Ashe is the local who has volunteered his time to create this year's dining services guide. He is also one of the coordinators of Anthrocon's Writing track working with fandom writers to improve their art. Yes, writing is in fact an art. In addition to designing the dining guide, working on the writing track, and working in the Pittsburgh furry community, Ashe is a new fursuiter premiering his suit at this Anthrocon.

Mark Bernstein
Security
Mark, a member of the Dorsai crew, has been in science fiction fandom for over thirty years. This is his first Anthrocon. In 1947, he was scandalously cheated out of the Nobel Prize for Cheese.

Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky)
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Tom is a chemical engineer who somehow wandered into the pharmaceuticals sector and now spends his days drowning in paperwork. He lives with his husband, Takaza J. Wolf, in the wilds of the northern Chicago suburbs. In addition to running Artists' Alley/Con Store at Anthrocon for the last three years, Tom has run





© Wolfie Darkwolfie

Registration at Midwest FurFest for the last seven years. He likes him some fine single-malt Scotch.

Bullet Coyote
Artists' Alley, Con Store
This is Bullet's second year at AC and his fourth con in total. He's been admiring the fandom since middle school, but has actually only been active within the past two years. Bullet lives in Chicago where he attends Columbia College and is a Digital Media Technology major. He loves art, music, literature, film, theatre, going out dancing and coffee.

Cadpig C. Lion Jr.
Operations
I am your average fursuit-wearing, food-preparing, art-drawing, fursuit-making, happy little lion cub of a furry.

CajunFox
Dealers' Room
The friendly, white-tailed fox has been at AC since 2001 and this year marks his third year on staff. Whether he's distributing energy drinks or inhaling them into his lungs, he shall once again ensure things don't get too boring down in the Dealers' Room. This is not to say that anyone could describe the joyful insanity of being Dealers' Room staff as anything less than... interesting.

Melissa Clemmer, D.I.
Hospitality Suite
Educator, long-time fan, primarily SF cons, but also mystery and other fields. My fiirst con was the Chicago Star Trek con in '76, and my most recent was EerieCon in Buffalo, NY. I've worked as a gopher, treasurer, in registration, art show, and other areas that needed help and looked interesting. Met tons of neat people, and been happily dragged into new fandoms. Love to read, write, bead, paint, and spoil my nieces and nephews.

Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman
Known to the fandom as "Uncle Kage," Dr. Conway has been chairman of Anthrocon since 1999. He holds a Ph.D. in chemistry from Dartmouth, hence the labcoat which has become his trademark, but most Furry fans know him more as a storyteller, an auctioneer, and a writer of fanciful Furry tales.

Sam Conway, Sr.
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Affectionately known as "Grandpa Kage," this soft-spoken Southern gentleman is the father of the chairman. He can most often be found helping out at the Con Store. Be advised! His quiet exterior hides a mischievous sense of humor and a sharp wit that the chairman likes to believe is hereditary.

Wilma Conway
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Known as "Grandma Kage" in her role as the mother of the chairman, Wilma has been a driving force behind Anthrocon since she first uttered the fateful words, "Is there anything I can do to help with your convention?" back in 1999. You can often see her tending the con store, or hanging out in the lounge with a certain Ranting Gryphon.

Cutter McCoy
Dealers' Room
A fixture in fandom since 1994, Cutter has organized furry conventions, published and distributed comics and fanzines, and staffed conventions. He's currently a graduate student and part-time college professor in central Florida.

Da Thug
Security
His first convention was Toronto Star Trek in 1976. A member of the DI since the mid-80's. This is his third Anthrocon working Security. Loving the happiness, comradery and excitement in the Anthrocon Community. Shai Dorsai! Go Anthro!

Danruk
Charity Auction, Gaming, Internet Room, Operations
Danruk is back yet again as a helpful and friendly bouncy kangaroo for Anthrocon Staff! This year he's decided to take a small break from the usual Artist Alley and try to help with other areas of the convention. (What? Dances? Masquerades? Charity Auctions? When did *this* start happening?) Kage has already been warned about potential fanboying of the Guests of Honor and has the 'roo tranquilizer gun ready in hand.

Dari
Operations
A happy, helpful bloo gryphon.

Darkclaw
Internet Room
Darkclaw has been helping/hassling Tigerwolf with the running of Anthrocon's internet room since 2000. A FurryMUCK'er since '97, Darkclaw can still be found there today, snuffling around for much-needed Wolf_Snax(tm). A regular visitor to the USA, Darkclaw resides in Skegness, England.

DataHawk
Dealers' Room
Returning yet again, DataHawk the Loud. Once again bringing much joy and noise to your life.

DaveQat / Dave Lovely
Operations
DaveQat has been involved in furry since 1999, and cons since 2000. He lives in Chicago with his partner, Synicism (four years! Lovethefox!), and a set of nifty roommates. There's also his kickass boyfriend, Bullet, who lurks around a lot. He's a student and a geek, and his hobbies include gaming, sitting around online, hanging out with his awesome friends, movies, TiVo, and generally seeing what he can get away with.

Decker
Operations
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Devin
Dealers' Room
My girlfriend calls me "the Hotness."

Karen L. Dolley DI "Vicious"
Security
While I discovered furry fandom through doing security, at heart I am a furry. I have a Wildlife Management degree from Purdue and recently have been traveling the world taking wildlife photographs. I also have two cats who need to get jobs. In high school my name was Tigger. Leopards and cheetahs are inferior to tigers.

Don
Security
Don grew up on coyote and roadrunner cartoons. He is still searching for a good source of Acme products. Voted most likely to have a grandchild at age 37.

© Wolfie Darkwolfie

W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie Darkwolfie)
Publications
Wolfie, artist/singer/geek, has been on the publication staff for several years now and is responsible for the blurbs, contents and credits page graphics. He's still quite enamored with a certain polarbearess. Oh, gods! Get him some cheese!

EagleBeagle
Programming
He's back again on programming, third year. Feel free to say hello, he's not shy.

James "ShiroTora" Eden
Art Show
James "ShiroTora" Eden is an anthropomorphic white tiger that, by a series of highly unlikely events was born into a body that somewhat resembles a very tall human. He amuses himself with photo-manipulations, creating funny buttons, and face-and-body painting. When not brutalizing his fellow con-goers with puns, he'll most likely be helping out in the Art Show or selling his buttons in Artists' Alley.

Evil, DI
Security
I've been involved in Fandom in varying degrees for 20+ years. I have actively worked on conventions from Toronto to Atlanta, from San Antonio to Baltimore, being on as many as six committees a year. (I've gotten better...it's now only three

most years). I was inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars fourteen years ago, quickly earning the moniker of Evil. I enjoy coming to Anthrocon... it's one of my favorite cons to work!

Dale Farmer
Art Show
Returning after a one year absence, the undead art show staffer is here to eat your spicy brains... Well, unless you are volunteering at the convention, then you get to keep them. I'll be seeing you.....

Gerry Felipe
Security
A long-time fan of science fiction & friends with some of the Dorsai. Real world life: IT professional.

FireWolf
Dance/AV
Despite my name, I am not actually a wolf. I've kept the name so not to confuse people who know who I am. I've been in the fandom for seven years now and happily mated to a wonderful mink. Third year attending AC and second on staff.

Falbert Forester
Art Show
Falbert is a Maine Coon Cat from northern Maine. He continues to attend Anthrocon to look at all the pretty pictures.

The Foxish
Dealers' Room
The Foxish, that which is simultaneously fox but not fox, has dedicated four years so far to assisting the operations of the Anthrocon Dealers' Room, rising from a lowly guy-behind-the-table to second-in-command (as it were, anyway). Do feel some pity upon him, and share your Diet Coke. Please.

Kasi Frost
Operations
Kasi Frost is a freelance IT/web consultant and furry/anime/costuming convention organizer from Bristol, Connecticut. Her personal interests in costuming, photography, emerging culture, and travel, making her a community resource for networking and collaboration for newcomers to kigurumi, cosplay, and furry. Kasi has also served as staff for FurFright, Morphicon, and ConnectiCon.

Frostbite
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Frostbite is a snowshoe fox furry, born and raised in the Boston, MA area and amazingly, in 32 years, still hasn't developed a sense to flee it, probably because he's too busy being a computer network engineer by day and hanging out with his Usual Suspects at night. This is Frosty's second Anthrocon and his first one on staff; also look for him to be helping out at both FurFright and Midwest Furfest 07! Yip!

Furp
Operations
Dear lord, how the hell do we keep getting this dang dragon around? Hailing from locations difficult to spell where vowels are a prohibited import, he's come to deal with the finnicky natures of those feeble-minded felines.

Aaron "Menkure" Gilmore
Registration
A furry since '97, Menkure has been active in the fandom and assisting in the setup of local furmeets in Iowa. While not his first year at Anthrocon, this is the first year Menkure is on staff, assisting with registration.

Carol Gobeyn, D.I.
Security
As a member of the Dorsai Irregulars and its Board of Directors, I've been working security at conventions for many years. This will be my sixth Anthrocon as security staff. Recently, life has gotten more interesting than normal, what with the move from New Orleans, LA to Ann Arbor, MI and all that involves.

Samantha Gobeyn
Security
Samantha Gobeyn is currently attending UNO (University of New Orleans). She is *not* working her way through college on Bourbon Street, especially if her Mother asks. Dealing with the people and crowds of Mardi Gras and other parties in New Orleans means she enjoys the nice quiet normality of an AnthroCon. She can usually be found making bets on the elevators, so stop and see "Bookie" if you want in on the action.

Mike "Gooch" Gucciard
Security
We come from afar to protect and serve; the safety of AnthroCon is our concern. Be peaceful, be kind, have fun, share a laugh. Watched over by the Security Staff. **:-)** Remember the rule for each day: 1 Shower, 2 meals, 6 hours of sleep. Live like there's no tomorrow; love like you'll never get hurt; life is too short for half measures. Now top off my Scotch, if you would. *Shai Dorsai!*

Jo Hall
Security
I've been reading SF since the early '70s and attending SF conventions since the late '70s. In that time, I've assisted with many aspects of convention running: helping out with registration, setting up and assisting in art shows and auctions, running consuites, and lately, helping out the Dorsai with security at cons (particularly Anthrocon) for the last few years, and enjoying every minute of it!

Halina K. Harding, D.O., DI
Security
Still the only DI to be beanied in the bathtub, she is currently President of the DI Board of Directors. "I admit I ran for the Board, but I wasn't anywhere near a bathroom when they made me president, I swear!" Also, as the Director of a Family Practice Residency and Mother of a fifteen year old son, she states, "If I can handle this I can handle anything!"

Brian Harris
Charity Auction Director, Masquerade Director, Dance/AV
Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the fan community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has run the Anthrocon Charity Auction for ten years, the Masquerade for nine years, and this will be his seventh year as DJ.

Dan R. Hauschild (Takaza)
Operations
Dan Hauschild (Takaza) is an eleven-year veteran of furry fandom. He has served on staff for Mephit Furmeet, Midwest FurFest (where he has served as publications director, hotel liaison, and chairman), and Anthrocon, where he has been part of the Operations staff since 2003. Dan lives in Chicago with his partner, Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky).

Coming Soon – The Flying Car
The flying car has been a technological marvel just out of reach since the 1920's and the childhood of powered flight. With the heavy traffic, pollution and smog below, rising above has been a dream of many a harried commuter, although running out of gas at 10,000 feet or figuring out if that duck you just hit had the right of way can be problematic.

Steve Hopps (Simba Lion)
Dance/AV Director
In my second year as A/V Director, my bio should be confident and conservative. So I just want to say that *tonight*... in a *steel cage match*, I am going face Brian, and I *will* walk out, the *world - heavyweight - champion*. You may be the hot new kid on the block, Brian, but you're no match for a *living legend*! (This is parody, please don't sue me.)

Jenna Hoyer
Security
I enjoy geeks, gaming, sci-fi, fantasy, filking and other various music and art, though Alphonse Mucha is my current favorite. This is my first Anthrocon, though I have been attending SF/Fantasy cons for fifteen years now.

Ken Huckle (Anthro Wolf)
Art Show
Coming across the fandom back in the late '90s, Anthro Wolf fell in love with it almost immediately and started going to conventions in no time. Anthrocon was his first, volunteering the first time he attended. Friendly and very approachable, if you see him, feel free to say hi. :)

Jen/Val
Gaming
A video game industry noob and a furry vet, I've been involved in games of one flavor or another since I was old enough to hold a controller.

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Publications Director
Life's too short. Fill your world with awesome.

K.P.
Programming Director
K.P. has been the Anthrocon Programming Director since 2005. He is also the Master of Ceremonies for this year's Masquerade. Originally from Houston, Texas, he now makes his home in Orlando, Florida. He is a fursuiter and a puppeteer on the Funday Pawpet Show. He also regularly performs at local children's charities in central Florida.

Peter Kappesser ("PeterCat")
Art Show Director
Intrigued by the late '80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He's Anthrocon's representative to the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, which administers the Ursa Major Awards (www.ursamajorawards.org). He also runs the Furry InfoPage web site (www.tigerden.com/infopage) and, using the professional name Peter Katt, has started a career as freelance voice talent (peterkattvoice.com).

Brandon "Richek" Keller
Registration
Currently a College student studying Psychology in Northern Arizona. Hopes to one day figure out this fandom. Also known to be naïve.

Robert King
Dealers' Room
After founding and chairing Midwest FurFest, Robert still keeps a paw in the fandom.

Lincoln W. Kliman
Charity Auction, Masquerade
I am a 46 year old Software Engineer from Long Island, a graduate of SUNY Stony Brook in 1983, and have been involved in different fandoms since about that time. I started to notice anthropomorphics a short time later. I started buying stuff from Mailbox Books from the days when Ed used to go to SF cons here in the Northeast. I also joined the staff of a few local cons, first as a volunteer and then as staff, mostly doing grunt work, setup or logistics, and I have been on the board of a SF con in the past. Most of all, I am here to have fun!

Karen Klinck
Hospitality Suite
At 53, I have been in fandom roughly 35 years, attending too many cons to count. I like SF, fantasy, cats (I have five), horses, and critters in general. My friends call me an Earth Mother (I do tend to mother people) and I like to cook and bake—as if I needed another hobby! One cat travels with me when it's allowed. Eat on!

Kellic J. Tiger
Operations
Gah! They snagged me again! It must be something they put in the water. '07 will be my sixth Anthrocon. I discovered "furry" in 2000, and have been hooked ever since. For some bizarre reason I enjoy working at conventions. There has to be a twelve step program out there somewhere.

Krin
Registration
Bio? No thanks, I went before we left.

Heathyr Lamb
Security
Heathyr Lamb lives in sunny Florida with her daughter Eleanore and husband Colin. She runs a daycare center for the elderly, which gives her great experience in dealing with crisis situations and ornery people. She has been attending conventions since the late '70s, and is not shocked by any behavior she sees. We think you should take this as a challenge, but be warned. She is short and therefore a very dangerous and vindictive person.

Leo
Registration
In real life, Leo works for a Redmond-based software company after a seemingly endless graduate school career. In his spare time he is charged with the care and feeding of a large domestic feline with a

propensity for salivation, and when those duties are not required, he enjoys going to the gym and lifting heavy things. We credit brain damage both for these curious choices and his continuing to work on the Registration Staff.

Paul Lester (Linnaeus)
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Linnaeus has been on Anthrocon staff since 2003, and will be helping out in Artists' Alley again this year because he loves him some Artists' Alley. Linnaeus joins us from Chicago, where he lives, loves, learns, and chairs Midwest Furfest (November 16-18, 2007).

John (Joatmon) Lindgren
Art Show
So far, I've lived half of my allotted lifespan of ten decades. Attracted to this fandom by my serious love of animation and cartoons. I have a collection of 2000 DVDs, 90% of which are animation. Crazy, huh?

Eric Long, DI
Security
Live in Arizona, work cons east of the Mississippi. Folks wonder about my sanity since I claim to do this for "fun." Working Anthro saves on a gym membership though. Ghod, my feet hurt.

Mach Stormrunner
Operations
Mach is a big believer in living life fully and in balance. Never mind that he is intrinsically unbalanced. Moderation in all things, including moderation. His favorite New Year's toast: "May we live in interesting times!"

Mistress Knightshade
Dealers' Room
Mistress Knightshade lives a very humble life as a gypsy, dwelling all over the expanse of the slavic lands. Most days Knighshade is found crouched near her gypsy cart fiddling with some new instrument in her lap, or with some strange new hobby tickling her fingers. The beat of the earth carefully coaxed out of a drum, she plays and dances to the sound of the earth's song. She loves indigo(s) and hematite. Rock, Lobster.

Coming Soon – Fusion Power

Fusion power is seen as the future of electric power generation for decades, but has always been regarded as twenty years away. With sea-water as a fuel, the fusing of hydrogen atoms into helium releases tremendous amounts of energy, however the break even point where energy out equals energy in has only been achieved fleetingly. Another drawback seen to fusion power is that the high amounts of helium likely to be produced would make the engineers sound like chipmunks.

M. Mitchell Marmel (Major Matt Mason)
Registration
An AC vet since the beginning, MMM can remember when you had to rub two sticks together to make fire. Hobbies include rubbing two Wii controllers together to make fire.

J'axe Mauvaise
Art Show
Meet me and find out. :)

Phaedra "Wyldekyttin" Meyer
Dealers' Room Director
"Cats, like butterflies, need no excuse."
—Robert A. Heinlein

Moonfall, DI
Security
Lucky number seven; yep, this is my seventh AnthroCon and still lovin' it... okay, my feet aren't the happiest by Monday morning but neither are anybody else's! AC is our family vacation. You guessed it, we don't know how to handle boring sit-on-the-beach vacations. This is *much* more fun, thank you! I'd also like to thank whoever gave our little boy a tail in 2003. He loves it! And so do we.

Mrianti
Charity Auction, Masquerade
Likes fursuits and okapis. ;)

Jason Murdock (creature)
Charity Auction, Masquerade
I bought a house. God help me.

Douglas Muth (Giza)
Operations Director
Coming from the suburbs of Philadelphia, Doug has been been involved in Furry Fandom since 1999. He can be found working in the Operations Office during this year's con. During the rest of the year, he admins the Anthrocon website, is an Administrator on WikiFur, and a regular on FurryMUCK.

Nemet (Patrick Casey)
Dealers' Room
Nemet is from the Southwestern Ontario region of Canada and has been on staff for Anthrocon for a few years now. He first attended Anthrocon in 2000, and has been hooked ever since. He's an *amateur* writer and a combination philosophy/psychology/media studies graduate from the University of Western Ontario. Stop by the Dealers' Room and say hello!

Norman Rafferty
Publications
Not quite as slender as the black or roof rat, Norman Rafferty's tail is relatively shorter, his snout is less pointed, and his ears are shorter. His tail is covered with rings of scales. Norman's favorite haunts are sewers, stables, cowsheds, and cellars. He is not as good a climber as the black rat, but is an excellent swimmer. Rafferty is a serious pest because of the health hazards caused by his presence, including the transmittal of such diseases as bubonic plague and murine typhus.

Rachel Owens (Pathia)
Programming
It took nearly ten years, but this dragon has finally developed a staff infection. Pathia has attended every Anthrocon since 1998 and only missed the first because she was underage. She feels that it is past time for her to give back to the convention that was her first exposure to furry outside of a chat room.

Panzier
Internet Room
Panzier, zany motorcycling-all-over-the-place kind of cat. Enjoys slaying "The Dragon" (mostly teasing the beast) and any reason is a good reason for a road trip. Stop by, say hi!

Laurence "GreenReaper" Parry
Operations
GreenReaper founded WikiFur two years ago, and has been herding cats ever since. Tempted from England by promises of less rain, he works in R&D for Stardock, creators of desktop enhancements and strategy games. Voted "worst dressed," "most geeky," and "most likely to become a serial killer" by the University of Bath Computer Science Society. If you see this long-haired norn roving around with a camcorder, do say hi – he's making a documentary!

Robert C. Passovoy (Grog)
Security
Groggius silliata – A tall, strong, burly version of the Grog species. Intelligent, capable, and very good at lifting heavy objects.

B. Payette
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Claire Plouff
Security
Claire Plouff is a game design student who works at conventions on her spare weekends with the Dorsai Irregulars. This is her second year as Anthrocon Security. She has two pet hedgehogs named Coco and Reggie, and likes video games, books, rock music, and getting hugs.

Maurita Plouff
Security
Maurita cooks. No, really, she's a personal

chef, and this year the Dorsai decided that they needed her special salmon glop to start the day. Of course, it helps that she's an experienced longtime Dorsai.

Phil "Bennie" Pollard
Registration
Bennie is a technologist and classically trained musician. Having recently moved to California, he is now a member of the Ohlone Wind Orchestra and has recorded with them on their most recent CD. This will be his fourth year running registration and his seventh year as a director of the convention. In other anthropomorphic interests, he runs several community websites and is a financial supporter of FurryMUCK. Bennie is one of three remaining lifetime members of Anthrocon.

RB
Programming
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Justin P. Reese
Registration
A+ Certified Technician, Apple Specialist, AAS Information and Networking Technology, Message Board Administrator.

Renegade
Security
The story that I was raised by wolves is an exaggeration, they were really wolverines. Now that we live in Michigan, this seems somehow appropriate. Nor did I kill and eat my young, this is easily proved as Heathyr and Bookie are both my daughters and are still here. I've been attending SF Cons since '75, and was inducted into the Dorsai in '77. This will be my sixth year heading up Anthrocon Security.

Patrick "Glen" Rockhill
Operations
Better known in the fandom as Swift Fox, Glen has been an active member of the fandom for a decade. He has volunteered his time to Anthrocon and various other furry conventions over the years and has been instrumental in promoting fellowship among furry fans in Western Pennsylvania. An avid fursuiter, Swift mascots for his local volunteer fire department to help promote fire safety and awareness as "Ashes," when he's not responding to local emergencies.

Coming Soon – On-Demand Space Travel
Space travel, so far barely explored by we Earth-bound folk, has been a dream since we first looked up at the little dots in the sky. Only since the last century, however, did we leave our Earthly plane and reach to the heavens, orbiting our home, building satellites and space stations, landing on the Moon, and sending space probes into the great beyond. The 21st century will show a resurgence of exploration, including a new push to go back to the Moon…(Alice!)…as well as Mars…and perhaps even farther.

Roman Surveyor (Sirius)
Dance/AV
I was introduced into furry through MFF, all wide-eyed and awestruck at going to my first 'con.' It hasn't lost its magic, but now I'm on the other side, instead of attending, I now work and am glad to lend a helping hand.

Ronin Otter
Programming
Ronin looks for things. Things to make him go. Sushi makes him strong. Ronin likes Lynxkitten.

Rooth
Artists' Alley, Con Store
Rooth, AKA Rooth'ragon or Rooth'roo, has been a member of the community since 1990. He has attended many conventions, and volunteered at a few, including his first visit to AC in 2006. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes, particularly of the dragon or

kangaroo variety. He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a senior IT professional. Find him near Artists' Alley as a blue-maned white dragon with a fuzzly tail tip.

Erika Leigh Rosengarten
Operations
Erika is a professional illustrator from Long Island, New York. Past work of hers includes painted displays for Trader Joe's (Falls Church, Virginia), commercial graphics for Ledo Pizza, and anthrocon.org's 2006 & 2007 web layouts. Recently relocated to Central Virginia, she is also occasionally a silly puppy for children of all ages. Please visit www.mynameis.org/illustrations, or chillymouse@gmail.com.

Tom Rothrock
Dance/AV
A long-time DJ and music producer, Tom has been dropping fine beats at several of the past Anthrocon dances as DJ DragonBoy. He's not playing this year but will still be helping out to make the entertainment go smoothly for everyone.

Pete Ruesch (Derecho)
Registration
Pete sorts railroad cars and sends them to their proper places for a living, and now he has come to AC from Indiana to do the same for con-goers. This is his second visit to Anthrocon.

Savant
Publications
Still mostly harmless.

Steven "Tora" Sears
Charity Auction, Masquerade
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Smrgol
Art Show
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Max "Maximus" Sprinkle
Security
Even though this will be Max's first Con, he would not describe himself as "inexperienced." He has had jobs with many responsibility-heavy tasks, including refereeing paintball games, house-managing local theatres and providing technical assistance to traveling musical groups. He knows how to handle himself even in tough, think-on-your-feet situations. His hobbies include ballroom dancing, jewelry making, construction, and automotive restoration.

Stahi
Charity Auction, Masquerade
I'm the Juggernaut. That's all you really need to know.

David "Skippy" Stein, DI
Security
I started attending conventions in 1972 with the first "Starcon" Star Trek convention in Detroit. I've done every convention job except "ConSuite." I've been married to the lovely artist Diana Harlan Stein since 1983 and am the proud father of the ever-entertaining Sabrina. A proud member of the Dorsai Irregulars and winner of the 1947 Nobel Prize for Cheese.

Stria
Programming
From San Antonio, Texas, this seven foot snow leopardess will be fursuiting for two years now and staffing her second con.

Jesse "Tango" Stringer
Artists' Alley, Con Store, Charity Auction, Masquerade
In his sixth year as staff and still going strong, Tango is happy to work with the Charity Auction, Masquerade, Artists' Alley, and just about anywhere else he might be needed.

Josh Strom
Gaming, Programming
What can be said about Jadedfox that hasn't been said in previous conbooks at this or other cons? Um, he likes the little pizza place down the block from his apartment? Does that count? No? How about that he hates writing creative bios every year? No that's no good either? Well, darn, what about... Err, what? Wait, we are out of space? But I just came up with a great idea fo... <edited for space>

Syn (Jim Lai)
Operations
Syn has been coming to Anthrocon since the first Albany Anthrocon in 1997. He has been on staff both for Anthrocon and Midwest Furfest for several years. Syn is a corporate lawyer from Chicago, IL, whose interests include martial arts, sports, books, and roleplaying games.

T'Chall
Operations
An anthro fox, he's been known to sample a

shrinking potion now and then. Okay, he's been known to sample it a lot!

Tigerwolf
Internet Room Director
Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

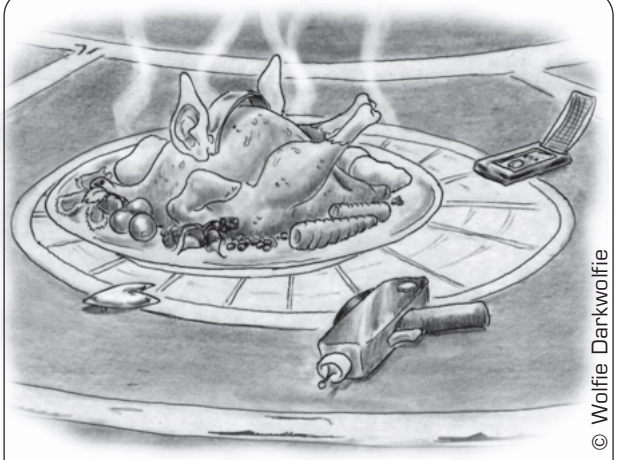
Tina
Security
I am a Dorsai as well as an artist and this will be my fourth Anthrocon. I fly in from the land of gloom and rain to bask in furry fun and frolic. I look forward to this all year.

Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet
Gaming, Publications
Ah, the subtle machinations by which one may change the world! It starts in the current day with scientifically engineered electronic music, subtle but subversive prose, and careful design of convention program guides so as to align the collective consciousness toward the true nature of felinity. The future will be a glorious one ruled by the finest beasts, the great cats. They said it couldn't be done, but I'll show them... *I'll show them all!*

Kristy Tracer / buni! =n.n=
Programming
My master plan is coming together beautifully! Adopt a mundane existence as one of their technologists to lull them into a false sense of security, then seed their subconsciouses with lurid tales of futuristic exchanges and impossible visions of beauty. Then, as they become addicted to these ideas for their baser needs, where will they turn? They'll turn to *me!* That's right! Me! They'll demand that I create entire *worlds* for them to satiate their souls! I'll have the world at my clawtips! I'll show them... *I'll show them all!*

Uncle Vlad
Dealers' Room
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

James J. Walton, DI
Security
I've been a con-going Fan for many years. I am on the committee for Confluence, the Pittsburgh area Science Fiction conference. I am a member of the



Coming Soon – Teleporters
Teleporters, or transporters, have been a staple of Sci-Fi books, movies and television shows since the middle of the 20th century, scrambling the molecules of people and objects and transmitting them across space to be recreated somewhere else, Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle be darned! Of course, if the technology ever proves to be feasible, some accidents are sure to occur during testing.

Dorsai Irregulars. I greatly enjoy reading Science Fiction, drinking good beer, sipping single malt scotch, and flirting with women. Recently I embraced my inner technonerdboy and purchased a PlayStation portable.

Erin Washington (Alphawolf)
Dance/AV
Returning for another game of "What This Button Do?" Alpha will often be found fiddling about with cables, wires, blinkenlights, and glowy things. Also, if you have seen any of his stray electrons, please return them at your earliest convenience.

Wolf Lynx
Art Show
I like Sci-Fi, drawing, computers, and just having a good time with old friends and new. If you need help at the con please feel free to stop me and I'll do my best to help you.

Woody
Artists' Alley, Con Store
This urban mutt co-owns Evil Squirrel Comics, a gaming and comics store in Chicago. And while he admits this *sounds* really kewl, in truth it leaves little time for actual reading of comics or playing of games. In what free time he *does* have, he bikes, boats, camps, road trips, rides roller coasters and takes *many* incriminating photos of himself and his friends while doing all of the above.

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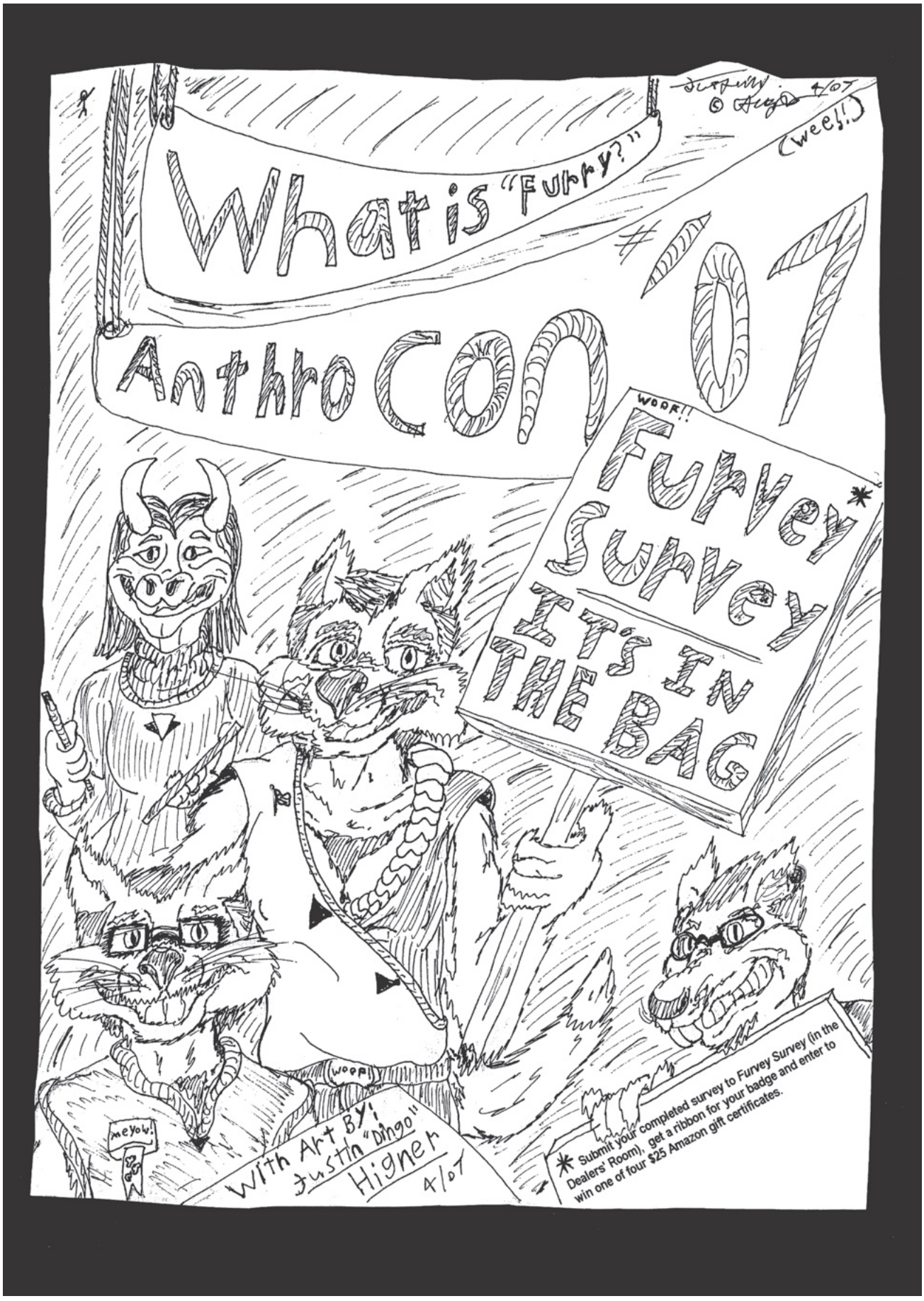
What is "Furry?"
AnthroCon '07
(wee!!)
WOOF!!
Furvey Survey
IT'S IN THE BAG
(woof!)
meyow!
With Art By: Justin "Dingo" Higner 4/07
* Submit your completed survey to Furvey Survey (in the Dealers' Room), get a ribbon for your badge and enter to win one of four $25 Amazon gift certificates.